

Sports Illustrated



JUNE 14, 1971 60 CENTS

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10036. James R. Shepley, President; Richard E. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles E. Burt, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands: \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world: \$13.50 a year; all others: \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

MOTORCYCLE MANIA is sweeping the country as Americans discover the myriad uses of the two-wheelers for fun and competitive profit. Robert F. Jones describes the action.

A TEMPEST Shakespeare never knew is the latest Olympic sailing clan—and the world-championship craft of two young Americans. An appreciation in words and color.

SPINO T. A NEW tells his personal tale of sporting woe. The failures began early, at age 12 or so, when he tried to impress a young lady with of all things, his golfing talent.

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Never ask for Walter Hagens.



Walter Hagens aren't the sort of clubs one tries to sell you.

Once you really know about golf, you simply ask your pro for them. You ask for them, and you deserve them.

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Frost 8/80 is easy to enjoy.

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The taste is dry.

The possibilities endless.

FROST 8/80



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Before long,
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Last night, more than 1½ billion people went to bed hungry enough to eat a horse. Literally. Because they had little or no meat, fish, eggs or any other adequate source of protein—the nutritional ingredient that's necessary to keep body and soul together.

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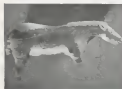
Follow his progress from tree-dweller to space-traveler
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Left, Stone Age as it is used by experiment to study its wear patterns. Right, Cro-Magnon man is correctly depicted as being tall and robust.



Skill of prehistoric cave artists is revealed by precise outlining of muscles and subtle shading.



This Magdalenian cave horse, only three inches long, has definite scratch marks to indicate hair.

Did you know that the famous "Piltdown man" was a deliberate hoax that fooled scientists for 40 years? That the early history of the human species has a 10-million-year gap about which nothing is known? That modern science can diagnose arthritis in a 44,000-year-old skeleton?

Fascinating discoveries like these make the development of man the greatest drama the world has ever witnessed. Here is the birth of all our history, our art, our religion, our civilization. Here you see emerging all those qualities that made us what we are today... that enabled us to descend from the trees and reach for the stars.

The story begins with a handful of men who risked their reputations—and sometimes their lives—to defy convention and dig out the truth. It gathers force with Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, which challenged man's whole conception of himself as being above the laws of nature. And it reaches a climax today with the introduction of scientific methods that can reconstruct a fantastic story millions of years old from a few teeth, fragments of bone and chipped stones.

**More than 200 illustrations—
many in full color**

Like all the volumes in the LIFE Nature Library, *Early Man* brings its subject vividly alive before your eyes. In realistic artists' renderings—based on the latest archaeological evidence—you'll see what early man looked like in the various stages of his long history. You'll learn what he ate and wore... what sort of shelter he slept in... how he managed with the simplest weapons to kill elephants and huge bears. You'll see him discovering the uses of fire... learning to make tools... turning his hand to art... developing social and religious awareness.

You'll see—in their true color—remarkably expressive paintings and sculptures of primitive man, and the actual skulls that showed early man's growing brain. You'll learn how a dog discovered the great prehistoric cave

paintings of Lascaux and how almost every branch of modern science has played a part in reconstructing man's step-by-step advance over 25 million years.

You'll be surprised to see how deeply influenced we still are by our ancestors... how the traits they needed to survive persist in us today. You'll understand what scientists mean when they say that our technology has out-run our biology, leaving us a million years out of step with our own inventions. *Early Man* will show you how cholesterol and coronary problems may well result from the "wild animal" response of our bodies to stress. The book explains too what is being done in various fields of medicine and sociology to help us deal with these ancient carryovers.

Written by F. Clark Howell, Professor of Anthropology, University of California, at Berkeley, and the Editors of *TIME-LIFE* Books, *Early Man* is both an authoritative reference work and a rousing adventure story. A big, handsome, hardbound book—3½" x 11"—it contains more than 200 illustrations, many in color. An index, bibliography and appendix of the major human fossil sites make it an especially useful supplement for school subjects such as Biology and History.

Despite all these lavish features, *Early Man* costs much less than you might expect, just \$4.95 (\$5.25 in Canada) to subscribers, plus shipping and handling... a price made possible by *TIME-LIFE* Books' large print orders and extensive facilities.

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You may borrow *Early Man* for 10 days free. If you decide you don't want it, just send it back. If you keep it, we'll send you other volumes of the LIFE Nature Library—for the same 10-day trial—one every other month. There is no maximum number you must buy. To browse through mankind's original family album, spanning 25 million years, mail the postcard order form now. Or write to *TIME-LIFE* Books, Dept. 3401, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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story in history—



Above, ancient elephant bones are jacked with glasser for shipment to a museum.

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to be anything
they could

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

BLACK DAY IN CARACAS

All day in Caracas the radio played a song whose refrain ran like this:

"*Canonero, Canonero, asombro del mundo entero,*

"*Canonero, Canonero, seguiras siendo el primero.*"

Which is to say, "Canonero, surprise of the entire world, Canonero, you will always be first."

In western Venezuela there was an epidemic of gripe, which, because it caught you so fast, was called Canonero.

A cigarette company, whose product was fortuitously called "Belmont," did a heavy business.

Hours before the race, radio broadcasters asked the public to hook their automobile horns and the churches to peal their bells.

At 5:45 p.m. the city was silent.

A sportscaster, Germán (Chiquitín) Herrera, summed up his country's disappointment.

"When we least expected it, Canonero won the Derby for us," he said. "When we were afraid to expect it, he won the Freakness. And when we fully expected a victory, he lost."

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF PHILLY

It just might be a political ploy, a threat to force increased taxes on an already overburdened population, but the city of Philadelphia's school system is threatening to eliminate athletics in its 165 schools and to hew with talk of *mens sana in corpore sano*. The only saving grace at the moment is that school-board approval will be necessary to "finalize" a budget cut of \$23 million in appropriations for sport, along with the elimination of 1,000 teachers and 1,000 other employees from the system's 22,000 full-time jobholders.

Those who oppose the cut, which is sponsored by Dr. Mark Shedd, superintendent of schools, are saying things like "damn shame" and "now the kids' interest will turn to drugs and gangs."

While opening the oysters, Shedd shed

a tear or two. "All athletic programs," he said, "including baseball, football, basketball and track will go down the drain." As an afterthought, he added swimming. Then he suggested that pressure be put on the state government to recognize "the dire conditions of the city school system," which may have been the point of the dagger.

God help us all if the Philadelphia disease spreads. As Dan Peffe, Philadelphia's school district director of health and physical education, put it: "I don't see how it fits in with logic. We talk about dropouts and a study of dropouts has shown that athletics is one thread that kids hang onto to remain in school. Athletics is the greatest deterrent to dropping out."

"MINOR" CUTBACK

The Big Ten agenda and rules committee is studying a recommendation of its athletic directors that the number of scholarships available for minor (non-revenue) sports be reduced from 34 to 22. Only the athletic directors of Indiana and Michigan State opposed the recommendation.

Two Indiana coaches, Dr. James Counsilman in swimming and Sam Bell in track, would be among those most seriously affected and, naturally, they are against the proposal.

"I've got 20 years to go before I retire," said Counsilman, "and I wanted to be competitive all those 20 years. But it makes me wonder if we can stay in it if this happens."

Counsilman has been competitive, indeed. He has won four straight NCAA championships.

Bell, who went, all unsuspecting, to Indiana from the University of California at Berkeley two years ago, has since won two consecutive Big Ten crowns and was aspiring to Counsilman's national success.

"First of all," said Bell, "I don't talk to anyone who calls track a minor sport. Anyone who calls track, which is the

No. 1 sport in the Olympic Games, a minor sport just shows lack of education."

QUICK STEP

U.S. hopes for gold medals in the distance events at the 1972 Olympics have been diminished—to an extent not easily calculated—by a University of Florida rule that forbids distance runners from training on its golf course. Instead, they must train on roads near campus.

Frank Shorter and Jack Bachelier, two of America's outstanding distance men and both graduate students at Florida, say they don't mind so much except for the alligators, which live in sinkholes around the campus and come out in the evening, crossing the roads to get from one hole to another.

"You learn to keep away from them," says Shorter. "The alligators are slow and lazy, but they have that one quick



move. That's how they get so many ducks. The ducks think they're slow and go near them; then it's all over."

No distance runner has fallen victim to that one quick move, as yet. But Shorter has promised to stay off the greens and fairways if only the university will let him return to the golf course.

The possibility of snakes in the rough has not come up.

WAIT-LISTED

Marty Pushkin, the Virginia Tech track coach, called the Roanoke Times to report that Sceptechaser Merle Valotto had finished second in a big meet in Ken-

continued

Merrill Lynch is bullish on an industry that's turning paper into profits.



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We know certain companies that are still selling way below their peak prices of the late sixties. What's more, our stock analysts have spotted some trends that make us think these companies can boost their earnings.

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Contrary to what a lot of people think, newspapers are not dead.

Fact: 12 more dailies were publishing in 1970 than in 1946.

Fact: Retail advertising in newspapers (the newspapers' bread and butter) is growing at a faster rate than national advertising.

With today's higher advertising and subscription rates, newspapers should have good news for their shareholders on their 1971 income statements.

Meanwhile, the mass circulation maga-

zines have finally started facing up to their problems.

They've cut back on production costs and made subscription lists more attractive to

national advertisers. If lineage goes up, and we think it will, the magazines' ink should flow black instead of red.

Our analysts are also bullish on certain textbook publishers. The key to this trend is the growth of junior colleges. They're helping more kids get to college than ever before. In fact, college enrollments are expected to increase 50 percent by 1980.

If you'd like to see our specific recommendations in newspaper, magazine and book publishing, talk to a Merrill Lynch Account Executive.

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SCORECARD continued

tucky. Valotto's time, Pushkin said, was 8:45. Ten minutes later the phone rang once more in the newspaper office. Again it was Coach Pushkin. "Forget the 8:45," he said. "That's the time of his plane flight home."

THE AUTOMATED WORM

Vending machines dispense just about everything nowadays, so why not worms? Many a whimsical fisherman, seized suddenly with the urge at an unlikely hour, has dashed off to his worm merchant's shop only to find that the inconsiderate fellow has decided to call it a day, leaving only an ice-vending machine available to cool his catch and his beer.

Now Roy Cooper, an ingenious Norwalk, Ohio sheet-metal mechanic, has solved the problem. He has invented a machine that dispenses fresh, lively worms on a 24-hour basis and he is seeking a patent on it. Drop 50¢ in the slot and out comes a plastic container with 15 or 16 worms in it.

The machine is so new that Cooper had trouble finding a name for it. But suggestions came in by the score—like Vend-a-Worm and Worm-o-Matic. He settled for Wormcoop.

STILL SCRAPPING

Perhaps because he defeated Ingemar Johansson twice in three fights, has lived for short periods in Sweden and because his third wife is Swedish, Floyd Patterson still remains something of a hero in Sweden. It was natural, then, that the Stockholm *Aftonbladet*, an evening newspaper, should have assigned a reporter to cover Floyd's recent bout with Terry Daniels. The reporter showed the former heavyweight champion a photograph (SI, Oct. 13, 1969) of a happy Ingemar proudly displaying an enormous paunch.

"The picture made Floyd look as if he were about to cry," the *Aftonbladet* said and quoted Floyd as saying:

"Ingemar hasn't found anything to replace boxing yet. He is only getting fatter and fatter. Give him my regards and tell him he should take off at least 25 kilos [55 pounds]."

Instead of taking off weight Ingemar took umbrage.

"I'm not bothered by my 117 kilos [257 pounds]," he told the *Aftonbladet*. "I live a great life and would never in the world want to change my life with Floyd Patterson's."

"Floyd was right when he says I have 25 kilos too much around the middle. But my fault sits there—he has his in his head."

They used to be such gentlemen.

HE WHO LAUGHED LAST

Part of the great charm of Joe E. Lewis, who died last week, was that he honestly lived the dissolute character he played in so many nightclubs. It took 69 years for this to catch up with him. Which makes him a winner, though he liked to pretend that he was a loser.

"I bet on a good horse," he said once, "and it took 12 other horses to beat him."

"I read the French racing paper," he observed another time, "but the horses seem to lose in the translation."

"Sinatra played my life in *The Joker Is Wild*," he remarked a few years ago, when the movie came out. "He had more fun playing my life than I had living it."

No, he didn't.

DRAG RACE OF ALL TIME

The two fastest men on land have agreed to what may turn out to be a super-sonic drag race on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats. A new speed record and a sound-barrier breakthrough are both quite possible.

The challenge was issued by Gary Gabelich, present holder of the world land speed record, to Craig Breedlove, former holder of the record. It called for a head-to-head drag race on the flats, with the winner collecting \$500,000.

The sound barrier on the western Utah flats is 720 mph and Gabelich traveled 622.403 in his Blue Flame rocket on Oct. 23, 1970, thereby beating the 600.601 mark set by Breedlove in the Sprint of America in 1965.

Details of the challenge, including where the \$500,000 is to come from, have not yet been worked out, but Labor Day 1972 is the target date for the race.

"I don't know whether we will start from a dead stop, travel the six-mile course, turn around and come back over the same course, with the winner determined by the best two-way time," Gabelich says, "or whether it will be just the first man over the finish line at the end of six miles."

Gabelich told Breedlove that the car

continued

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We call it the first sexy European under \$2400.

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Road Test could have picked any import from the tiniest two-seater to the Rolls. Why Capri?

We quote: "When quality, quality control, appearance, luxury of trim, utility, handling and performance are all evaluated as a package at a given price, Capri shows as the winner."

They loved Capri's "international styling." "Outstanding handling." "Fine and sensitive rack-and-pinion steering."

They raved about Capri's 4-speed "silky-smooth floor shift." Not to mention power disc front brakes. And Road Test appreciates a little luxury. Like front buckets of soft vinyl "that looks and feels like leather." And an "attractively turned-out dash" in wood-grain effect.

Full carpeting. Styled steel wheels. Radial tires. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults. Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

But what they really couldn't get over was the price. Because every single thing above is standard. No extra charge.

Options? Capri offers a brand-new engine—a gutsy 2000cc, 100hp overhead cam four.

For about \$50 extra, list price.

Other options for Lincoln-Mercury's Capri: Automatic transmission. Sun roof. Vinyl top. Decor group interior features shown.

All of which may account for Capri's record-breaking sales. In its first year in America, Capri sales topped every other import car's first year.

Road Test calls Capri "import of the year."

We call it sexy. And that's pretty great for under \$2400.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

SCORECARD continued

in front would have the advantage when the sound barrier is broken, Breedlove recalls.

"When he breaks the sound barrier, he said, the concussion will knock me off the track. Well, I'm not worried because I plan to be in front when that happens."

ELSA, GO HOME?

Teams of sharpshooters will undertake to kill 2,000 elephants in Uganda during the next few months. Indeed, Murchison Falls National Park ecologists may increase the kill to as many as 4,000 out of a total of 8,500 in the area. The reason: a once forested woodland has reduced to a detriment of their own and other species. If the herd is not thinned, there may be no elephants at all in Uganda by the turn of the century.

While Africa may be having a (temporary) surplus of elephants, it seems that the only countries lacking lions are in Africa, so France will begin exporting lions there in September.

"Our lion population is proliferating dangerously," explains Count Paul de la Panouse, owner of a private game preserve at Château de Thory. "Seventy lions are born every year in the Paris area alone. European and American zoos are filled with lions and lion cubs."

A dozen French lions will be shipped to Africa in September, with more to come.

THEY SAID IT

- Bud Pote, general manager of the Vancouver Canucks, expressing surprise at the firing of Vic Stasiuk as coach of the Philadelphia Flyers: "You never know in this game. That's why I just bought a boat instead of a house. A boat is easier to move."

- Chipper Johnson, Southern Methodist University field goal kicker, who served as a weekend sportscenter on Dallas television, on being asked his greatest asset as an announcer: "I dress nice and I don't have any pimples."

- John Allyn, Chicago White Sox owner and longtime financier, when asked about George Halas' argument that the suggested \$100 million Chicago sports stadium could be supported by a lease from only one or two of the city's five major league sports teams: "All the teams in town won't produce even the interest on \$100 million."

END

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THE HAPPY STORY ENDS

Canonero's heartwarming quest for the Triple Crown ended sadly when he finished a disappointing fourth to Pass Catcher in the Belmont

by WHITNEY TOWER

Before he was beaten back to fourth place, nearly 4½ lengths behind Peter Kissel's 35-to-1 shot Pass Catcher, the hallowed Belmont Stakes belonged to the one and only Canonero II. He and his flamboyant Venezuelan entourage made the race—and the day. With their tricolored flags, their endurance at singing and dancing and their display of sportsmanship after watching the loved one lose, the South Americans proved a credit to their nation and to themselves.

The Belmont used to be referred to as New York racing's best kept secret—an event run off in early June for the benefit of the track's officers and a few close friends and relatives. Now, in the hands of the New York Racing Association's promotion-wise chairman of the board, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the third leg

Pass Catcher (foreground) holds off Jim French (right) as Canonero (center) fades





Owner (left) and trainer (center) reflect disappointment of Venezuelans large and small.

of the Triple Crown finally has gotten through to the U.S. public in the same big-league way as the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness.

Canonero, of course, was the key, attracting a huge throng (81,036) that bet just under \$7 million on the nine-race program last Saturday afternoon, plunging for \$1,555,368 on the Belmont alone. Another \$1,176,898 was sent through the wickets in New York's first experiment in off-track betting on a home-town flat race, and with so much attention focused on Canonero after his stunning victories in the Derby and the Preakness the nation's bookies were busy, too, handling bets on one of the most attractive racing spectacles in years. But then, to spoil it for those who had made him a 3-to-5 favorite to become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948, Canonero could not get the job done.

The Venezuelan's defeat came as a thundering shock. In five weeks the bay colt had changed from an unknown who had been 500 to 1 in Caliente's Derby Winter Book to an equine version of "the people's cherce," a sort of Carry Back, Kelso and Silky Sullivan rolled into one, an animal adored both for his own singular achievements and for his colorful crew of followers who endeared themselves to U.S. fans by their confidence in the colt and their cheerful, if seemingly weird, way of going about their work. "Their training seems unorthodox to us," said Jimmy Jones, the last Triple Crown trainer, "but maybe they've got an unorthodox horse on their hands."

One thing the Venezuelan team of Owner Pedro Baptista, Trainer Juan Aras and Jockey Gustavo Avila did not have on their hands was a colt who was ready for the race. The mile and a half of the Belmont over a deep track requires, above all else, that a horse be fit. And often it is the fresh horse who has skipped the grind in Louisville and Baltimore who is apt to perform best in this first real distance test for 3-year-olds. Despite all attempts to play down Canonero's various ailments, insiders knew (SI, June 7) that the colt was not ready for the test ahead. A week before the race he had a skin rash, an athlete's-foot-type infection and "burned" heels. He missed two vital days of exercise

continued





and gained 50 unwelcome pounds. By race day very few of the old professionals shared the public's view that nothing could stop this colt who could come from way off the pace, as he did in the Derby, or make it himself, as he did in the Preakness, and do absolutely nothing wrong. While the public was lulled with denials that anything was wrong with Canonero, the smart money was looking around for a fresh horse.

Trainers confirmed the skepticism with an unusual number of challengers. The 13 starters—only once has the Belmont had a larger field—included some attractive prospects. There was Dr. Fager's brother, Highbinder. And last year's Futurity winner, Salem. And a grandson of Ribot named Purse Finder. And a bay colt by All Hands called Pass Catcher, who had been nursed along for Kissel by Trainer Eddie Yowell. Yowell had been this Belmont route before. In 1965 he took aim on it with Mrs. Ben Cohen's Hail to All. Five days before the Belmont he "prepped" the colt in the mile-and-an-eighth Jersey Derby and won it. He also won the Belmont. Last week, again five days before the Belmont, he ran Pass Catcher in the Jersey Derby, and his half-length loss to Bold Reasoning was convincing.

"It's funny how these things work," noted Kissel after the Belmont. "I've only got two 3-year-olds in training, and both of them aren't too bad. Executioner won the Flamingo for us. Then he popped an ankle at the start of the Preakness and will be out of training until this fall. We ran Pass Catcher seven times a year ago, and after he finished second in the Hopeful both Eddie and I started thinking he might be the better of the two. But then we found he had a hair-line fracture of the right knee, and we couldn't get him back to the races until the end of March. There was no way he could be ready for the Derby or Preakness. I had hoped to run Pass Catcher in the Jersey Derby and Executioner in the Belmont, and with any luck win with them both. Then, with Executioner out, I thought last week, 'Oh, what the hell, Pass Catcher is the only other 3-year-old I have, so we might as well run him in the Belmont.'"

Only he nearly didn't run. When Eddie Yowell arrived at his barn on the morning of Belmont Day he discovered that Pass Catcher had rapped himself somehow during the night and that his right hind leg was starting to fill. Upon the advice of track veterinarian Dr. Manuel Gilman, Yowell elected to go for broke anyway.

As for Canonero, he was sound enough on Belmont Day, though not in peak racing condition. With Venezuelan flags fluttering, drums beating and voices ringing out of one of the most hyped-up audiences ever to watch a horse race, the battle lines were drawn. Would the Belmont go to an upstart newcomer? Or to one of the familiar camp followers like Jim French, Bold Reason or Twist The Axe? Or would it become a day for the record books and for Canonero? Wishfully anticipating that Canonero would be ready when he went postward, the sentimental crowd made him the odds-on favorite. Sadly, the betting was wrong.

It was wrong because the public was not officially informed—until after the race—that Canonero was, in racing terminology, "short" to run a mile and a half. As veterinarian Dr. William O. Reed noted the morning after the Belmont, when Canonero was still showing signs of extreme fatigue, "The horse was in perfect physical condition on Belmont Day and his injuries were as minor as was stated to the press. But because of the two-day interruption in training he was only 75', prepared to run a mile and a half. He was not in a position to do himself any physical harm. But, as I told his handlers, they were gambling that the horse could win the race without sufficient conditioning. They had a lot to gain and—after all—the horse only missed by four lengths." It is most regrettable the general public was not made privy to this explicit information before it let more than \$1 million on Canonero.

When the race began, Avila, as he had done in the Preakness, elected either to go with the pace deliberately or let Canonero run there if he wanted to. Eddie Belmonte on Twist The Axe went right after him, and so did Walter Blum on Pass Catcher. Bold Reason was right up there, followed by Salem. Jim French was hanging back in seventh place, and none of the others really got in the act

at all. After Canonero had cut out fractions of 1:12½ for the first six furlongs and 1:37 for the mile, it became apparent that Avila (or Canonero) had been overly ambitious. This was not a mile and ½ gals, like the Preakness, and the colt was tiring. Blum, meanwhile, had given Pass Catcher a bit of a breather on the backstretch. Midway around the final turn he said, "I really got into him, and he took off. At the quarter pole I took the lead from Canonero and opened up five lengths. I lost my whip in the stretch, but I knew we were home free." Jim French, old reliable that he is, charged through on the inside to be a fast-closing second, less than a length away from the winner, while Bold Reason came up to edge a dead-tired Canonero (Yu. 8, see cover) by a neck for third.

At the post-race party almost the first person to reach Kissel's side was Canonero's owner. "Congratulations," Pedro Baptista said warmly. "Thank you," replied Kissel, "but it is you who should be congratulated. You have a wonderful horse. I feel awful about Canonero and I am sorry for you, and I genuinely feel it's a shame to break up a Triple Crown. Believe me."

Even in defeat Canonero stole much of the limelight. Baptista continued to ponder offers to buy or lease his horse, though he was not too hasty to console Trainer Arias. "Be cheerful!" he said. "We have become rich and famous, the horse is all right and the future is ahead of us."

Arias finally admitted that Canonero was only 75' of himself going to the gate, and that there had been reason to take him out of the race. "If I had to do it again I probably would not run him," he said, "but we felt we owed him the chance to consecrate himself in racing history. I still feel he is a good horse and that I trained him well. My horse ran in glory."

True enough. Canonero was beaten, yes, but far from disgraced. The Venezuelans had courage before the race and they had grace in defeat afterward. The only jarring note was that the glib betting public was misled. But if he never runs in this country again, and no matter what he does for the rest of his career, Canonero brought a bright, cheerful light into U.S. racing that can never be fully extinguished. **END**

After losing the Belmont, jockey Avila brings Canonero II back to be unsaddled.

EVERYTHING'S ROSY WITH JOSE

Billy Backus' uncle is Carmen Basilio and his manager's name is Graziano, but none of that helped him defend his title against José Napoles, possibly because José had Ali's man in his corner by ROBERT H. BOYLE

An odd thing happened to Welterweight Champion Billy Backus on the way to his first title defense in The Forum—he got knocked out for the first time in his life. For his conqueror, José Napoles, a dispossessed Cuban now operating out of Mexico City, the victory in Los Angeles Friday night was sweet vindication for an even odder thing that had happened to him last December in Syracuse, N.Y., Backus' home town. There, the referee had quickly stopped the fight in the fourth round because of a cut eye and given Napoles' title to Backus.

"Oh, Sierracuse," cried Carlos (Cuco) Conde, Napoles' round little manager. "I no like Sierracuse. They have no reason to stop the fight in Sierracuse. This time will be different."

This time it was different. For one, Napoles had a volatile crowd behind him, a Forumful of Mexicans who rhythmically chanted, "Meh-hee-coe, Meh-hee-coe, Meh-hee-coe." For another, Conde had taken the precaution of hiring Angelo Dundee, who has fallen heir to Whitney Bimstein's title as "the best cut man in the business," to work in the corner. "Cuco doesn't want lightning to strike twice," Dundee said before the fight. "I worked for Carmen Basilio for eight years, and he never got stopped on a cut, and he was busted up plenty."

This time Basilio was in the opposite corner, since Backus is his nephew, but Carmen bore no grudge against Dundee. "It's a business," Basilio said to his old friend. "Just as long as you're not in the ring throwing punches—you throw one and I'll be right in there."

Napoles and Conde also are very close—"like father and son," according to Dundee. Now 31, Napoles was born in Santiago, Cuba and started boxing there as an amateur.

Since then he has become a citizen of Mexico, whose fans have adopted him as one of their own. He is known as "Mantequilla," which means butter and refers to his ultra-smooth style. In 1969 Napoles won the welterweight champi-



Battered around both eyes, Backus carried the fight to the dancing Napoles up to the end.

onship by knocking out Curtis Cokes in The Forum and he defended it three times before losing to Backus last December. If, up until last Friday night, there was one criticism against Napoles as a fighter, it was that he rarely displayed his full talents in the ring, even though he had 43 knockouts in 65 fights. He was a heavy favorite against Backus in The Forum, but as one camp follower said, "Mantequilla almost never extends himself. He does just enough that is necessary. No one really knows how good he is."

No one in the Backus camp paid any attention to the claim that Napoles had been robbed in Syracuse. "When you lose, you gotta say something," shrugged Tony Graziano, Backus' manager. To which Basilio added, "They can say what they want but Billy kicked the hell out of him." The prospect of fighting before a partisan crowd did not faze Graziano. "I don't care if they got half the Mexican army in there," he said. "We got that dago blood in us and we don't give a hoot how tough he is. When that light starts, those fans there can't help him in the ring."

Uncle Carmen has been Backus' trainer since last October, concentrating on teaching him combination punching. "Basilio was a tremendous combination puncher," Graziano said, "and Billy didn't deliver like he should have. It was my fault. Now he's much shapier and crisper than he was the last time he boxed Napoles." Before the fight Basilio also served as a sparring partner for his nephew. "I'm only good for two rounds," he said, "but I'm real tough." Backus' camp felt that the only fighters who ever beat him were those who jabbed and ran away.

Which, to an extent, is just what Napoles did at The Forum. From the beginning it was apparent that it was Napoles' night. Maybe the crowd didn't jump in the ring with him, but the fever certainly helped. When Napoles pranced into the ring first, there was tremendous applause as well as cheers and shouts of "Viva Mantequilla." Backus drew jeers and boos. The south-of-the-border theme continued as a señorita dressed like Rio Rita sang seemingly every verse, punctuated with applause, of the Mexican national anthem, leading a few gringos to conclude they had bought tickets to a concert instead of a fight. By contrast the crowd remained mum

and Backus glum after the mod-suited, hirsute ring announcer invited everyone to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

When the bell rung, Backus was the aggressor, shuffling and weaving in. After 30 seconds the fight looked like a replay of Syracuse as Backus opened a deep cut over Napoles' right eye. Backus appeared to have the edge, but at the end of the round Angelo Dundee went to work on Napoles with his magic potions. He pressed the cut with a cloth and then dressed it with a swab stick he took out of his mouth. Conde watched intently as Dundee worked on the cut. "I used what they call Dundee's Ointment," Angelo said afterward, displaying a handful of small jars. "It's four or five coagulants. My best friends are doctors and I'm always asking them about coagulants. I have only 50 seconds to play around and several doctors have told me that a good cut man takes care of cuts better than they can because they can't work that fast."

Reassured by Dundee's treatment, Napoles danced out for the second round. As Backus tried to swarm inside, Napoles kept him at a distance with sharp left jabs. After jabbing with the left, Napoles would then retreat a step. The basic strategy was to keep Backus off balance and to hit him with counterpunches as he came in again. Now and then Backus landed some good shots, but he was unable to put together any concentrated attack. He reopened the cut in the second and third rounds, but again Dundee was able to close it and Napoles had no further trouble.

Still, Backus was the aggressor. Once in the sixth, Napoles forgot to step back after jabbing, but Backus missed the opportunity to follow up. Now Backus appeared to have cuts over both eyes. The end came in the eighth round. Backus looked tired and frustrated as Napoles continued to dance, jabbing with his left. Suddenly Napoles knocked Backus to the canvas with a left hook. Dazed, his face covered with blood, Backus arose and tried to carry the fight to Napoles. He walked into a swarm of punches and went down a second time. He pulled himself up on the ropes to beat the count, but Referee Dick Young stopped the fight to call a doctor into the ring. The Mexican fans, thinking Napoles already had won, started screaming, but after the doctor took a quick look at Backus, Young did stop it and raised Na-



Down to the eighth, Backus was finished.

poles' hand in victory. The Forum exploded, and Napoles shouted in Spanish: "My title! My title! My title!"

In the dressing room, still fresh, Napoles spoke of the action while Conde translated. "Backus is a strong guy," he said, "and for a southpaw he has a good right hand. He is a tough kid with heart. He did the same he did to me before. He take me by surprise in the first round, but I get more confidence, and I jab, go out, jab, go out. With my left hand, *maiz, maiz, maiz*."

Next door, Backus was flat on his back on a table. His petite wife Peggy held an ice pack over his right eye. Peggy Backus can take almost anything that happens in the ring—"I come from a family of fighters," she says—but she was livid over the abuse handed her by Mexican fans. "They gave me the business," she said fiercely. "After I started crying, they gave me the victory sign and jeered. When Napoles fought in Syracuse, we didn't jeer or boo. If we don't cheer, we keep our mouths shut."

In the center of the room, Uncle Carmen, who has been through so many wars, was calm. "Napoles won, but he didn't have that easy a time," he said. "We're gonna look for a rematch. It had the fans standing on their feet."

Whether or not there is a rematch is anyone's guess. But if there is, Cico Conde will bet all his coconuts it won't take place in Sierracuse.

END

UP ON THE PROPS AND OUT AHEAD

Powerboat racing's biggest event, the Bahamas 500, was won at a record speed by a Bahamian—and followed by a big party **by HUGH D. WHALL**

Like the citizens of, say, Venezuela, those of the Bahamas are proud people. In sport they rarely have a big winner to parade before the world. When they do, the steel drums thrum into the scented night and tropical goombey melodies carom off the palm trees. Last week there was quite an inpouring of rum and outpouring of rhythmic celebration because a Bahamian named Doug Silvera, an engineer by trade, beat the world's best drivers in the world's longest and best ocean powerboat race, the Bahamas 500. Did it for the second year in a row, too, and at a record speed of 71.22 mph.

See Dougge Silvera as he struggles happily up from the water at dockside in Lucaya, Grand Bahama, where a rival driver has dipped him, and struts along the quay. He has the sipping tube of a Gatorade jar between his lips and a huge grin on his sun-scorched face, and all around him are a riot of equally happy Bahamians. "I knew you could do it, Dougge." "We prayed for you, Dougge."

"Oh, my," said Silvera, "there are so many other drivers in the world better than I am." "Oh, that's not true," said a massive, ebony-hued friend. "You run for the Bahamas, and that's what I told the mon."

Now Mr. Silvera, he pretty smart mon, you see, because, as the race began, he had a little secret. He was not going to make his refueling stop with the rest of the 20-boat fleet in crowded Nassau Harbor. He was going to race on to Eleuthera, 60 miles away, with light tanks to lend him wings, and make a superfast pit stop there at a facility he had thoughtfully arranged beforehand.

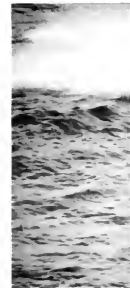
Doug Silvera also had plenty fast boat. Like several others in the race, it was a new 36-footer of the Cigarette brand built by the former world champion, Miami's Don Aronow, and so named because Aronow's last 500 winner was called *The Cigarette*. Silvera's was named *Sawduster*, and in its yellow and white hull were a pair of MerCruiser engines as strong as 550 horses.

Amazingly, *Sawduster* was ordered just 37 days before the 500. Ordinarily it takes months to build and tune a world-class racer, but Aronow, a man who delights in challenges, had her launched in exactly three weeks. Engines were installed—and, ah! extra-large fuel tanks—and a few brief trial runs were made off Miami scant days before the \$65,000 boat was shipped to Lucaya, barely in time for the race.

Silvera had a powerful booster in the flamboyant race promoter, Sherman (Red) Crise. The 500 race promoter, Mr. Crise, he not only plenty smart mon but plenty surefooted, too. There had been talk that the race would be after this year, but if a Bahamian won, how could anyone deny Mr. Crise a 500 in 1972.

Silvera assembled a first-rate crew in Mark Raymond, a Floridian who is a veteran of the race, and Bill Siron, a past winner of the world outboard championship on Arizona's Lake Havasu. At Lucaya, there was time only for superficial testing, which bothered Raymond not at all. "Every foot you go joyriding," he maintains, "is a foot you don't go racing."

As the fleet threaded the narrow channel between the Lucayan Marina and the starting line, the 50-odd extra gal-



lons of gasoline *Sawduster* carried made her seem to lumber through the emerald water. Around her were Bill Wishnick's big gray *Boat O'Nova III*, another new boat and the favorite of many; the red-hulled *Aeromarine* of eye surgeon Bob Magoon, probably the most knowledgeable and sensible driver of all and leader in world championship point standings; the *Black Tornado* of Italy's defending champion, Vincenzo Balestrieri; Bob Rautbord's *Fawn*, fastest in the fleet and capable of better than 80 mph; Roger Hanks' swift *Blonde II*. The course, 542 miles long as the rooster-tail streams, lay southwest toward Bimini, southeast to Nassau (and once around New Providence Island), northeast to Eleuthera and northwest back to Lucaya.

At precisely 7 a.m. Friday, with a bright sun overhead and flat seas all through the Bahamas, the fleet lept away. The better boats quickly inserted themselves. After doing one short leg around a marker and reversing course to repass the committee boat for the 44-mile run to Great Isaac Light, six boats, including *Sawduster*, soon had a mile of open water on the rest. First one boat led, then another, in a constant in-



Airborne even over the gentle Bahama swells, Doug Silvera's "Starduster" aims to victory. His speed was a racy 72.22 mph.

terchange of positions. More often than not, however, either Balestreri in a 32-foot Cigarette or Wishnick, with his bigger, heavier hull, was out front. At Sylvia Light, out in the middle of rippling Elbow Bank where only a few feet of water separated the boats from the bottom, Balestreri and Roger Hanks were practically bow to bow, with Wishnick lying about a minute behind and Silvera all but lashed to him. With fuel loads lightening, speeds climbed.

As the leaders dashed off the Banks onto the indigo depths of Northwest Providence Channel approaching Nassau, Hanks' *Blow II* was slightly ahead of Balestreri's *Black Tornado*. Behind them Wishnick and Silvera were standing on their props and dueling fiercely. Earlier, at Gun Cay, Silvera had used his knowledge of Bahamian waters to cut a few precious feet from the course. In the critical moments at Nassau the real meat of his strategy became apparent.

Balestreri led the way into Nassau harbor to refuel, losing first place momentarily to Wishnick. But Bill failed even to make it back out of the harbor as his engines conked out. With the other boats pitted for fuel, the canny Silvera highballed it for Governor's Har-

bor at Eleuthera with a lead of some 8½ minutes over Balestreri, who in turn led young Dr. Magoon. Silvera was running on little but fumes by the time he reached his hoses. He had estimated fuel consumption so closely that *Starduster* arrived with just six gallons in her tanks. Since the engines gulp gas at the rate of 76 gallons an hour, he was cutting it ever so fine.

It took Silvera just six minutes to fill up but more precious seconds to refasten a power-steering unit that had thrown its bolts. On came Balestreri; out roared Silvera. Fine strategy had worked finely, the Bahamian had a nifty two-minute lead as his yellow hull threaded the needle at Current Cut, a narrow slot near Eleuthera's easternmost point.

Along the course, attention was making inroads. Gone was Roger Hanks after a frightful havoc caused by a towel blowing into one of *Blonde II*'s engines and knocking it out. Screaming on past Hole in the Wall, Silvera still had two minutes on Balestreri—and Mark Raymond was nervously looking back over his shoulder for glimpses of the swinging Italian. Then suddenly Balestreri slowed down and it seemed that Magoon, still third, might have a shot

at the flying Bahamian. Just as abruptly as he had lost speed, however, Balestreri got *Black Tornado* back up on a plane and resumed the stern chase—only to pack it all in moments later. With a great roar his engines blew, opening a hole in the hull and ending one race but starting another—to keep the boat afloat. This he and his crew managed to do.

Now *Starduster*'s men got a fright. A fuel pump on one of the MerCruisers quit functioning. Raymond did not fix it as you or I might have done. He didn't kick the damned thing; he switched instead to an auxiliary system. Silvera received a further shock when his wife Pat flew over in the family's twin-engine plane and made a signal which he interpreted as "third overall." Then, to her horror, when she reached the Lucayan Marina just after the race's end, she found Magoon's boat tied up but not the *Starduster*. Where was Douggie? Cruising up and down near the star-linsh line in a state of pure joy, that's where.

"Don't drive on the streets tonight, mon," warned one ecstasie islander. "There going to be a lot of crazy people around here."

And so there were.

END



ON OFFERING THE BULL HIS BODY

A rivalry between the world's top matadors was building, a duel of skills that promised the best torero in decades, but then Antonio Ordóñez was caught by a bull while making a too-brave show **by JOHN MCCORMICK**

In bullfighting, the line separating purity from decadence, the real from the parody, is tenuous. Repeatedly in its history, when the sport has been fast deteriorating, bullfighting has been revalidated and renewed by the appearance of a couple of classic matadors. In Spain in recent weeks Antonio Ordóñez and Paco Camino seemed ready to infuse new spirit into *torero* in the historic pattern—and if it was not already too late, it was certainly high time.

For months, there had been talk in Madrid cafes of a rivalry building between the men who are recognized as the world's two finest matadors. There were predictions of a display of skills not seen in 30 or 40 years. This was to be a dangerous summer, indeed. The danger and drama came quickly. Too quickly, Antonio Ordóñez was tossed and injured by a bull the other day, and the elaborate schedule of matches

between the matadors has been called off for at least a month until Ordóñez recuperates.

The accident happened in the big Madrid plaza, Las Ventas. The bulls that afternoon came out well but they were not easy animals. They resisted the cape and were difficult to bring to the horse but once there they charged as though they meant it. Ordóñez cut an ear from his first bull in a chilly but handsome performance. Camino was listless in comparison. Ordóñez' second bull was defensive and hesitant to charge. He came into the cape and the muleta with his head high, a bad sign. While trying to educate the animal to charge frankly, Ordóñez cued at some distance from in front, the brave and proper thing to do. No charge. He then lowered the muleta, offering the bull his body. The bull accepted the challenge, threw the matador high in the air and then turned

fast, in the feline way of bulls, to gore the man on the sand. Ordóñez had landed hard on his forehead and right hand, injuring his spinal column and the wrist. Somehow he missed a horn wound. Chalk white, he ordered the members of his retinue out of the ring and tried to kill the bull with an honest sword right on top. He was in obvious pain and almost fainting. After three such tries he put in a full, low sword, as most men would have done in the first place. The bull went down and Ordóñez passed out. The spectators had seen a rare display of responsibility.

The season of great promise had hardly begun when the accident occurred. The two men had appeared on the same card at Jerez de la Frontera in the south of Spain in a warmup and then in Toulouse. The Spanish do not take the French bulls seriously, so that meeting was dismissed, at least artistically. The





first serious confrontation of skills was at Talavera de la Reina, 70 miles southwest of Madrid in mid-May.

In 1920 Joselito, the most revered matador of the modern era and perhaps of all time, met his death in this hurling. Every year on the anniversary of his death, matadors throughout Spain parade into the bullrings, hats in hand, wearing black armbands, while spectators in the stands observe a moment of silence. In Talavera the anniversary program is even more weighty than elsewhere. Bronze and ceramic figures of the dead Joselito preside over the memorial corrida. This, then, was the setting for the first major clash between the 39-year-old Ordoñez and 29-year-old Camino. If any one or two living bullfighters are close to Joselito in quality, it is these men. Both are unusually intelligent and capable with the cape, the muleta and the sword. Each has demonstrated that he can take on any manner of fighting bull and give it pure, classical, honest work. Each has also shown in recent years that he can be cynical and willing to was fat and rich on young, underbred, easy animals, the usual fare of the modern ages.

However, a genuine match-up of skills between Ordoñez and Camino would provide competition that could surpass even that series of *momo-a-momo* encounters in 1959 that aroused all Spain and which Ernest Hemingway immortalized. The protagonists then were this same Ordoñez, in his prime at 27, and Luis Miguel Dominguín, who was 33. Hemingway implied that the rivalry between these men, who are brothers-in-law, was marrow-deep and darkly desperate, that it was a match between a has-been (Dominguín) and a celestially talented usurper. There was just enough truth in Hemingway's implications to give the two matadors' appearances in 1959 and again in 1960 an extra tang.

Dominguín retired shortly thereafter, and when Ordoñez quit in 1963, some said it was in disgust at the emergence of El Cordobes as a star. To a clawcist like Ordoñez, El Cordobes could only look like a clown who mysteriously had upset the taurine world with his flamboyant antics. In 1965, however, Ordoñez returned to the bullrings. The group was that he came out of retirement because the youthful Paco Camino was posing a serious challenge to Ordoñez' once-



The bull refused to charge at first but when it did it caught Quibera in the chest, tossed him and turned fast trying to give him

secure reputation as the classical matador of our time. Whatever is the truth, traditionalists have disdained El Cordobes, though he is showman enough to be fighting on closed-circuit TV in the U.S. this weekend.

The very thought of a summer of *momo a momo* between stylish bullfighters of Ordoñez' and Camino's quality refreshed the sporting spirit and put new light in old eyes. Ordoñez now has been a full matador for 20 years and is the son of Nabo de la Paloma (51, June 29, 1970), whom Hemingway made famous as Pedro Romero in *The Sun Also Rises*. Antonio's knowledge of distances (where to place himself in relation to the bull) and his instinct for the bull's intentions have made him, at his best, an artist. Even his detractors agree that his cape-work is the finest that living men have seen. With the muleta he is able not only to give passes to bulls traveling by, as most raw matadors can do, but to link his passes and by linking them indicate the domination.

continued



over himself and the bull that constitutes in large part the art and spectacle of bullfighting. He can kill well and honestly but in recent seasons he has developed the habit of killing just off center in a place called throughout Spain *el rincón de Antonio* (Antonio's corner). This is considered cheating and often earns Ordóñez whistles instead of ears.

Paco Camino has been a full matador for 11 years. As a boy he displayed such intelligence before calves that he was known as *El Niño Sabio* (The Wise Child), an intelligence that has only grown in his maturity. His cape-work is second only to Ordóñez' and on occasion superior. His *moleta* work is as effective although fancier, and he kills better than Ordóñez most of the time, going in straight and true. He often loses awards because of his honesty in killing, where Ordóñez might get an ear or two from an ignorant provincial crowd for a dishonest but quick dispatch.

A series of meetings between the two was almost certain to generate bullfighting history, provided both the men and their business agents would put aside residual cynicism and deviousness and agree to face tough bulls, not the mongrels that the Spanish have produced in abundance in recent years. In a first-class plaza the bulls, by law, must be four years old, but not more than six, weigh a minimum of 460 kilos (1,014 pounds), be of good conformation and have well-developed horns. A breeder must certify that his bulls' horns have not been filed or otherwise tampered with, and official veterinarians must inspect the animals before and after their deaths in the plaza for compliance with the law. Plenty of excellent bulls are bred in Spain, but the stars rarely see them; some breeders have produced a 3-year-old bull that weighs just as much as a 4-year-old but has neither the horn nor the staying power nor the experience to make possible true artistry. Ordóñez and Camino have faced their share of underbred animals. But unlike many contemporary bullfighters, they have also fought the true 4-year-olds, ones with horns and appetite for the fray.

Talavera was to provide a clue about the upcoming season. If the bulls were underbred and the matadors perfunctory, no one would take seriously the notion of a significant rivalry developing between Ordóñez and Camino. On the

other hand a magnificent program at Talavera would signal the beginning of noteworthy *toros*.

The day of the memorial program dawned gloomily. Spain was having her wettest May since the 18th century, but by late morning Talavera was sunny, and the plaza, in a pretty grove of trees crisscrossed by pleasant walks, sparkled with raindrops. The good weather continued during the choice by lot of the bulls, but the hour of the corrida was still far off.

Usually in May, the town is a dusty uninviting little place, apart from the park and the tree-embellished plaza de *toros*. But now it was lush from rain and interesting, for crowds of countrymen had come to see the cattle fair, the circus and the sideshows. Tourists do not visit Talavera much, and in spring only Spanish is heard in the streets. Spreading through the park in military rows were show cattle, horses and a few prize sheep. Years ago the bullfighting programs were put on as an appendage to the cattle fair but now tractors are making inroads, and the cattlemen lament the decline of their place in the order of things. More lamentable was the knowledge that the farmers, with the twisted bodies of men who work hard all day every day, from childhood to the grave—the men for whom the bulls were originally a diversion—could no longer pay the price of a ticket into the plaza. They shook hands, their skin like a bird's claw, and with remarkable sweetness explained their situation. They could not even afford the sideshows, the cooch dance tent with its promise of voluptuous sin redeemed only by the fact that the cooch dancers were dwarfs. But the peasants walked the paths of the park among the town girls who promenaded in pairs and clusters. There was safety in numbers. At the trinket stands, toy bulls were hawked while one entrepreneur combed the plastic hair of stuffed spitz dogs.

In the bar of the hotel were men down from Madrid, unclothed, with the paunchy appearance of city dwellers on a provincial spree. They told lies and truths about bulls and speculated about whether it would rain. An hour before the program started, the sky was uniformly black and huge, intermittent drops began to fall.

There were ritual visits to be made to the matadors' rooms to witness the dressing in the suit of lights. Ordóñez' hair

is thinning, Camino's is graying. Neither has to face bulls for money anymore. Each is rich. With luck the crowd would see two men at a point in their lives when they go about their craft or sullen art not for further plaudits, not primarily for money, not even perhaps for fame but for the most interesting of motives in any artist—to demonstrate something to themselves about themselves and their relation to reality.

On the way to the plaza it rained with tropical intensity. The only hope for the day was that it would rain itself out and the sun would follow. In the plaza, attendants in visored caps and corduroy suits frantically soaked up puddles in the sand with large bunks of sponge, while others were spreading dry sand from handcars. Men from each of the camps came into the arena to test the surface with ice-skating motions, shaking their heads dubiously. Storks, unconcerned, nested in the bell tower of the adjacent church, straw in their beaks.

Then the bugle sounded. There would be no postponement, no rainout. The bulls were not as old as might ideally be desired, nor as anxious to go to the horse. But their horns were satisfactory. And two, at least, Camino's first and Ordóñez' second, were a good 4 years old. In fact, the animals were anything but easy. They turned fast and tossed their heads as they charged, "easing the cloth," as the Mexicans say. They demanded good technique from the matadors if they were to extract from the bulls the design that their qualities and defects permitted.

The ritual parade began, Ordóñez on the left as senior matador; a minor bullfighter, El Pemo, in the center as junior; Camino on the right. They entered wearing black armbands, reminding the spectators of Joselito's presence looming over the Talavera plaza.

Ordóñez' fame is so widespread that the public is more eager of him than of any other matador. His work to the first bull, finished by a single fine sword, would have won almost any other man at least one ear. As it was, the crowds wanted more than Ordóñez gave them, and he heard unmerited whistles. By the time of Ordóñez' second bull, the fourth on the program, it was raining apocalyptically. The bull was difficult, and Ordóñez kicked off his slippers and went all-out, demonstrating that even with water running into his eyes and before sod-

continued

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den spectators he could still generate a remarkable, almost unanalyzable degree of emotion. He needed two swords but the crowd petitioned for and got from the judge two ears for him.

Camino's work on both his bulls was uniformly better. Although flashier than Ordóñez, Camino has two styles—a restrained one for Madrid and a flound one for the provinces. For Talavera he turned on the latter. He lost ears from his first bull because he had trouble lining up the bull and more trouble in killing it. On his second, he too kicked off his slippers and extracted a fine series of right- and left-handed passes. He finished with the pass invented by Jose-lito, the *ka-kia-ka*, figure eight flourishes of the muleta to indicate total domination. He killed well and was awarded two ears. What made both Ordóñez' and Camino's performances different from most was the sense of control, together with the impression that either man could turn on or off his finest work at will, a sensation that goes against a demanding public's instinct but one that is the inevitable result of mastery.

Little of either quality was apparent in El Puno's handling of his two bulls, a performance described by someone as the highest grade of South American corn. El Puno is athletic, fast, efficient, built of rubber bands and infected by El Cordobes' bag of tricks. He was on the program for contrast, obviously, and while he cut three ears to his seniors' two, no one had the illusion that he was the best man.

With the next appearance of Ordóñez and Camino in Madrid before the sport's most knowledgeable audience at the San Isidro *feria*, the rivalry seemed certain to produce noble performances and the redeeming grace today's bullfighting desperately needs. But on that first afternoon in the capital city, the bull caught and tossed Ordóñez.

The series of matches is not ended, just put off. The sense of rivalry remains. This was evident last Saturday when Camino had one of the finest afternoons of his career. In his handling of the bulls, he etched patterns in the mind that will remain for a long, long time. Spectators could not avoid the impression that Camino was not in contest with the two other matadors on the card but with Antonio Ordóñez; that he was doing such extraordinary work as a propitiation for Ordóñez' injuries.

END

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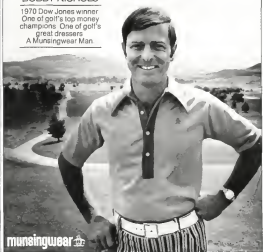
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THE GHOSTS OF MERION

Tradition is the stock-in-trade of every great golf course. St. Andrews bases its reputation on longevity, the benevolent patina of time. A Pebble Beach or an Augusta acquires tradition because of sheer excellence as a golfing test. Still another—Oakmont, for instance—has the memory of stellar events and unique personalities. Finally, there is Merion, at which the U.S. Open will be played next week and in which all these things are embodied. And no place is as rich in bizarre, dramatic, amusing memories. What other golf course, for instance, has a Haunted House (above) looming over it? More important, here on Merion's rolling, compact layout trod all the mighty figures of golf in this century. They trod and performed magnificently, or—in some cases—atrociously. Here is where Jones finished his Grand Slam in 1930, where Hogan came back from his car crash and won again. Here is where Sarazan lost, as did Mangrum. Each left behind him something besides tradition, something of himself that will be savored by the millions who watch next week's Open.



Tommy Armour, considered by many to be the finest teacher the game has known, set his record in the 1934 Open on Merion's 8th hole, a 420-yard par-4 of no particular distinction. The Silver Scot lost it some, however, when he sliced his tee shots

out of bounds from this spot in each of the four Open rounds. By the time he was through with Merion, and it with him, he had turned in scores of 82-72-75-81 to finish with an ignominious 314, 21 strokes behind this year's champion, Olin Dutra.

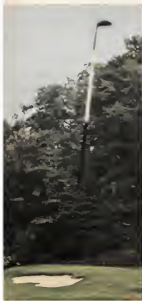


Morton's distinctive wicker-basket hole markers have mocked the efforts of more than one famed golfer. Lloyd Mangrum blew the 1950 Open when he picked up his ball on the 16th (left) to retrieve an insect. The gesture cost him two strokes. Earlier, on the 12th, he took a six iron by mistake instead of his nine and hit his approach the low cover the green and out of bounds.

This hole with the biggest slice of tradition is Menon's 11th, where Bobby Jones (right) completed his Grand Slam in the 1930 Amateur, where Gene Sarazen put two shots in the water and lost the '34 Open, and where Bobby Crickstock (next page) tossed an iron in the air and skulled himself after seeing his ball go into the brook, then heaved off a rock onto the green.







Since Cruickshank's eight-iron came down, Merion has seen numerous heroes and heroines, including Ben Hogan's famous comeback in the 1950 Open after his near-fatal accident. His biggest moment came on the 18th hole of the last regulation round, when he hit a classic one-iron from 200 yards (below) and coolly two-putted to gain the playoff with Mangrum and George Fazio. Later that day the

club disappeared—and Hogan never used a one-iron again. Benin's Road (above) is what some people have called Golf House Road in Ardmore ever since Deane Benin slashed his tee shot off Merion's 15th and over the road that borders the course in the third round of the 1966 U.S. Amateur. The errant shot started him on a slide that cost the two-time champion a five-stroke lead and finally the title.



JONES, HOGAN AND THE REST

by Dan Jenkins

"Nobody wins the Open. It wins you." These are old words, coming back to us from some forlorn contender groping for daylight from beneath the muted elephant grass of Olympic, or gurgling from under the ponds of Oakland Hills or stranded in the furrowed bunkers of Oakmont. The words tell us of the pressure and the torment, the glory and the glitter, of this thing called the Open Championship of the United States Golf Association—the National Open, as it is known to pedestrians without striped ties, blue coats or armbands. And after next week there will be more evidence of how indecently the human spirit can be wrenched and twisted by a mere game and a mere trophy. For now we go to Merion again, and even on this hallowed ground the Open will go to the man who loses it the least.

One of the things that makes the U.S. Open so fascinating is that it moves around, from year to year, like a carnival. It goes from the ancient golf world to the new, and back again. This time we find it shifting from the farmlands of Minnesota to the Main Line of Philadelphia. Neither Hazeltine nor Merion would know what to think of one another, for varying reasons, but they share the same history. An Open course gains a distinction that stays with it forever. To stage one Open is enough to turn a country club into a golfing shrine. Merion now joins a select group of clubs—Baltusrol, Oakmont, Oakland Hills, Inverness, Chicago Golf and the Myopia Hunt—that have held the Open three times. And much of next week's suspense will revolve around the hallowed ground itself. Can old Merion stand the test of time? Will the big hitters rip apart this museum of memories?

Not to wish any of the Armes or Jacks bad luck, of course, but everyone who is familiar with Merion will be rooting for those lovely 127 acres near Philadelphia. They will be cheering for Merion's par of 70 to stand up for all four

rounds and hurl the 150-man field into the 280s. Why? Because Merion is a classic course in the old-fashioned sense.

In brief, Merion is short, elegant and cerebral. Compared with Hazeltine, where Tony Jacklin won a year ago, most of Merion's holes will seem like pitch-and-putt. Its length (only 6,550 yards) and excellent condition make it highly vulnerable for the player who can keep it straight off the tee. There are par-4 holes that the Nicklauses can almost drive. And the greens they reach, though speedy, will putt as smoothly and honestly as any in the land.

This will provide the opportunity for a few sizzling low rounds, and maybe Merion will get beaten down the way Baltusrol, Olympic and Oak Hill were—down into the 270s. But this famous old course, underdog though it is, has weapons to fight back with. Quite aside from the usual USGA doctoring—the six-inch rough and narrow, target-shaped fairways—there is the curious pace of Merion itself. It simply isn't like any other course. Starting long and finishing long, with almost all of the birdie chances in between, Merion should play evil games with the modern competitor's tempo. It will put to a full and unique test the golfer's ability to adjust—three times in one round—his rhythm and his thinking.

Merion begins with both of its par-5s crowded into the first four holes, and the 5th is a long, sloping, narrow par-4. After that, for the next 19 holes the course shortens and becomes more and more ~~ignoring~~ ignoring. But then come the famed quarry holes, the 16th through the 18th, where great length is demanded as well as accuracy for a 4-3-4 finish.

Merion got tapped a few times when the last Open was played there in 1950. A fellow named Lee Mackey Jr. sped around in 64 on opening day, and a better-known fellow named Johnny Bulla carved out a 66 the second day. There were 11 other rounds under par. But

when everything was finished the lowest score (there was a three-way tie) was 287—seven over par—and Ben Hogan, who would win the playoff over Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio, had to hit his fairy-tale one-iron on the last hole to get a piece of it.

History says it was a brilliant shot. Hogan doesn't. "I was 40 feet from the pin," Ben has recalled. "I probably should have hit a four-wood."

Hogan's most vivid recollection of Merion is the glass-slick greens. "If they're like they were in 1950," Ben says, "nothing will hold out of the rough, not even a wedge. I can remember being afraid at times to place the putter behind the ball because it might move."

Not everyone adores Merion. Julius Blioros, who will be among the few in the field who know the course at all (he finished ninth in 1950), claims it is simply too short now. Lloyd Mangrum says it was too short two decades ago when he almost won.

"Even before '50 I'd always heard of Merion," Lloyd says. "Bobby Jones and all that. But all I did was hit a bunch of three-irons off the tee. What's so great about a golf course that keeps a three-iron in your hand off the tee?"

Mangrum was exaggerating, of course. Merion makes one reach for the three-iron when one gets sick of the rough that the driver keeps putting one in. The gamble is there on virtually every tee. Which again points up the charm of the place.

Whatever the mystique is, it even affects those manuring the premises. Only the other day a Merion member stopped to observe a young man taking extreme care as he mowed one of the sacred putting surfaces. The member asked if the young man got any satisfaction out of helping prepare the course.

"I sure do," said the young man. "In fact, I'd do it for nothing."

Such is the lure of history and elegance. Such is Merion.

END

Any campus rebellion should be pleased to have an undergraduate like William Alfred Skinner in its front line. Skinner stands 6' 6½", weighs 235, is awesomely tattooed, knows how to use his fists and can throw a spear almost 300 feet. In other respects his credentials as a militant seem less emphatic. Now 31, Skinner has been married, divorced and is a father. He did a hitch in the Navy. He is a certified welder and sheet-metal worker, as were his father and his grandfather. If Skinner took any interest in politics it would be as a conservative Democrat. He believes it is sheer laziness to go on unemployment, that everyone should be drafted, that the American flag should be dipped

to no authority or symbol on earth.

This is a student revolutionary? You'd sooner expect to find Skinner, like Horatius at the bridge, barring the door to the dean's office. And yet, because he refuses to shave off his mustache, Skinner has challenged the authority of the University of Tennessee's powerful and profitable athletic department and caused a great deal of embarrassment to the administration.

Last year, as a 30-year-old junior, Skinner won three national javelin titles and defeated the Olympic champion in the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. dual meet. This year he has been barred from the training table, suspended from the track squad and will not be defending his ti-

tle next week at the NCAA track and field championships in Seattle, although he is the cover boy of the NCAA's 1971 *Track and Field Guide*—clean-shaven, wearing a big T on his chest.

As at many another university, the coaches in what is known as Big Orange Country sincerely believe that short hair and clean-shaven faces may be the last rampart protecting their boys from the tidal wave of drugs, promiscuity, anarchy and cooties that has engulfed other campuses. And rules are rules, even if you're 31.

The rule that Skinner has chosen to disregard is No. 5 on a list of seven parental regulations posted in Bill Gibbs Hall, the quaintly named athletic dor-

IS A MUSTACHE JUST PEANUTS?

This is the burning question at the University of Tennessee, where Bill Skinner, the top U.S. javelin thrower, is joined in moral combat with the coaches and the chancellor by GWILYM S. BROWN



mutory at Tennessee, Rule No. 5 must also be observed by all team members whether they reside in Bill Gibbs or not. It reads: "Appearance—No mustaches, goatees, etc., allowed. Extremely long hair will not be tolerated."

Athletic Director Bob (Coach) Woodruff, a gruff, portly former Vol lineman and line coach who, from behind an immense desk and a bright orange telephone, presides over one of the most successful athletic programs in the country, defends the code.

"These things are something the staff gets together and works out each year," says Woodruff, who picks his way carefully through each sentence he utters, as if a word might suddenly explode in his face. "We advise the boys by mail in advance about the rules. It's a voluntary program. If a boy decides that he can't go according to the rules it's his choice whether or not he's going to continue to participate on a team and keep his athletic grant. These rules are not made to restrict the individual, but to help the team, to help guys to work together. Our fans and our student body look up to and respect our athletes. We have to stay away from any possible image of drug taking."

Skinner's image is that of a serious, thoughtful, stubborn man, aware of the hypocrisy, if not the humor, involved in giving an athletic scholarship to a man in his 30s and then treating him like a teen-ager.

"Don't take me for a radical or a hippie," Skinner pleads. "I'm just an athlete, trying to get along. This all started over what I considered an invasion of privacy. Now it's more than that. In a small way I'm challenging the department's false standards and misrepresentations, protesting against the fact that all athletes outside of the football team are treated as second-class citizens."

Organized athletics aren't Skinner's bag. At high school in Wilmington, Del Skinner didn't go out for sports. Instead, he set pins in a bowling alley for seven to 12 hours a day, seven days a week.

"The family didn't need the money," he says. "I just wanted to be my own person and to earn my own way."

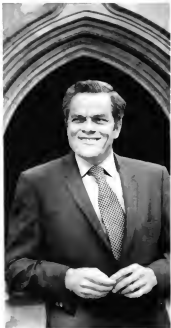
In January 1957, during his senior year, Skinner went completely his own way. He dropped out of high school and enlisted in the Navy. He served as

a metalsmith on a guided-missile cruiser, took up boxing to stay in shape and lost only two of 17 shupboard matches. He left the Navy in the spring of 1961 with a high school equivalency diploma and returned to Wilmington, where he worked with the Delaware State Police for nine months. He decided not to make it a career because "it didn't pay enough money," and so in early 1962 he became a welder and sheet-metal worker. In his free time he boxed and lifted weights at the Wilmington YMCA. At the end of 1962 Skinner got married and apparently settled into a niche as a blue-collar wage earner, family man and casual athlete.

Then one afternoon the following spring he picked up a javelin and his life began to change. It all started as a lighthearted challenge from Bill Reader, a Middle Atlantic AAU javelin champion who also worked out at the Wilmington Y. Could Skinner beat him in the state meet two weeks hence? Skinner accepted the challenge, rounded up another javelin-throwing friend to teach him the rudiments and a couple of days later, using a broken javelin he had welded together, threw it over 200 feet. At the state meet, wearing a pair of bus-bell shoes onto which he had welded cement nails to serve as spikes, he tossed the javelin 179 feet, losing to Reader by a foot. Two days later, in Philadelphia, Skinner improved his distance to 208' 10", defeating Reader and winning the Middle Atlantic AAU title. He was hooked. For the rest of the summer Skinner traveled everywhere there was a meet to throw in. The next year his best throw was 222 feet. In 1965 he raised his record to 256' 1". By 1967, when he was 27, Skinner had a throw of 268' 7", fifth best in the U.S. that year.

"I'd say I had my choice of a scholarship at just about any college in the country," he says, "but I wasn't ready to make that decision. My wife Rachel and I had a house, we had a young daughter, Stacy. I was getting plenty of work and we always had spending money in our pockets."

By March 1968 Skinner had finally made up his mind to go to college. He accepted a full scholarship at the University of Tennessee primarily because two of his closest friends in the javelin-throwing fraternity were there. In ad-



PUSHING PEANUTS with one's nose isn't bad per se, says Tennessee Chancellor Weaver.

dition, the weight room, training room and practice facilities were excellent, and the track coach, Chuck Rohe, a cheerful, persuasive, energetic man, had built the Vols into a Southeastern track power since coming to Big Orange Country in 1962.

"It was a big change for me and Rachel," says Skinner. "We traded a \$20,000 house for a married-students apartment. We gave up my income of about \$13,000 a year for an athletic scholarship and a GI Bill allowance of \$175 a month. But I didn't want to be a welder all my life and I saw this as a way to better myself."

What Skinner found out almost immediately was that it was also going to be difficult for a track-and-field man to adjust to the reality of life in an athletic program dominated by the football team. As an older man, a married man, a father, a Navy veteran, Skinner found himself serving as big brother to the rest of the track squad. An unofficial advisor

continued

and spokesman he was therefore privy to a great many gripes and problems that might not otherwise have caused him much concern. During the winter football players swarmed into the weight room in such numbers that other athletes were forced to reschedule their workouts. Football players were given top priority in the training room. When Skinner informed the head trainer that he had strained his back, he was told to stretch under a hot shower. The football and basketball players, who occupied the first three floors in Bill Gibbs Hall, were for a year the only athletes to have carpeting in their halls and lounge and telephones in their rooms. The football and basketball players were the only athletes to receive free passes to the movie theaters in town. Further inspiring any feelings of persecution and paranoia that might have existed on the track squad was the fact that its own coach, Rohe, was also the head recruiter for the football team.

A perquisite that particularly galled Skinner, who had a wife and young daughter to support, was the arrangement regarding the distribution of tickets to home football games. Each football player at Tennessee receives four seats to each home game as well as an option to buy four more seats at their face value. With each game a sellout and the float price for tickets often exceeding \$100 a pair, it isn't hard for an enterprising player to clear \$3,000 a season. The only restriction is that a player must get a friend to sell his tickets. It might cause talk if he were seen hawking them himself.

Skinner's naive suggestion was that a similar arrangement be made for members of other teams: two complimentary football tickets to each game.

"About all I could possibly offer him," says Rohe, who recently left Tennessee for Virginia Tech, where he is chief football recruiter and administrative assistant in the athletic department, "was four seats to each track meet, and he could have picked up as many of those as he wanted for two bucks apiece."

Skinner, meanwhile, was brooding over a growing list of personal gripes: having to arrange for his own medical treatment on a couple of occasions because the training department refused to provide it; having to spend a long, dreary day as an airport standby on his

way to the 1968 NCAA championships because the athletic department refused to cough up a few dollars to upgrade his seat to an available class; having to scrounge expense money from the New York Athletic Club because the Tennessee athletic department had reneged on a promise to send him to a major open meet for which he was qualified.

At the 1970 NCAA championships in Des Moines, the source of his dissatisfaction was food. All the competitors were housed in the Drake University dormitories and provided with food vouchers for use in the student cafeteria. On the reasonable assumption that 260-pound weight men need more nourishment than 120-pound distance runners, Skinner led a delegation of Tennessee heavyweights to request that Rohe supplement their food vouchers with a cash allowance. The request was denied. So after dinner each night Skinner and his heavyweight buddies gorged themselves at a nearby McDonald's.

"When the meet was over, Woodruff came by to congratulate me for winning the javelin," Skinner reports. "He said he'd heard I'd been hungry and so he'd brought me a sandwich. You know what he handed me? A plain roll." At that moment Athletic Director Woodruff came as close to being skewered and spit on a javelin and served up to an angry collection of behemoths as any man is ever likely to get.

It was about at this time that Skinner's mustache made its first timid appearance. In early June he had returned to Knoxville from two track meets in California with a modest 10-day growth. Skinner had gone through a rocky period in his personal life that spring. A younger brother, just back from Vietnam, had been killed in an automobile crash. Skinner had been divorced from his wife. For relief and distraction, he decided to grow a mustache to see what it would look like. Rohe saw what Skinner looked like and said he was sorry but, according to departmental rules, Skinner would have to shave or he would be unable to compete in either the USTFF meet or the NCAA. And like, please, Bill, we need the points worse than you need a mustache.

"I'm perfectly capable of making my own decisions," says Skinner. "If I'd wanted a wet nurse I would have hired one. Once we were debating the issue in

the hall and Bill Battle, the football coach, came by. Woodruff and Rohe asked him what he thought. 'I don't like it,' Battle told them. 'Shave it off.' Why should Battle have anything to say about it, was what I wanted to know. Was Rohe my head coach or not? I also pointed out that school was over, final exams were over and under the terms of my scholarship I wasn't even obligated to throw in the NCAA. But I wanted to win it, for myself and for the university, and so I shaved. Joe Namath got \$10,000 for shaving off his mustache. All I got was a chance to throw in the NCAA and then I couldn't even get a decent meal."

Skinner won just about everything there was to win with a javelin last summer. He took his event at the USTFF, NCAA and national AAU meets. In a dual meet with West Germany at Stuttgart he had a winning toss of 291' 9/16", the third-best throw ever made by an American. He beat Russia's Olympic champion, Janis Lussis, at Leningrad. Then he returned home with a new handlebar mustache and a memorable impression of the thousands of people who pack stadiums to watch track meets in Europe—to thundering silence on the Tennessee campus.

"I counted the number of times Coach Woodruff passed me on the campus or in the hall before he first said hello or even nodded his head," says Skinner. "It was 34 times. The first thing Rohe said to me when he heard I was back was, 'Nice going. Now be sure to shave off that mustache.' Here I'd won three national championships and beaten the Russians and all they could think about was whether or not I was going to shave."

Skinner agreed to shave but countered with a non-negotiable demand of his own. He was going to regrow his mustache in the winter semester and by then the rules had better be changed.

"It had gone beyond just an invasion of privacy," says Skinner. "One thing that particularly annoyed me was being criticized on my appearance by a fat assistant football coach who smoked a cigar. Shouldn't someone who is supposedly teaching fitness and physical education set an example as well?"

The first confrontation took place on February 12, when Skinner showed up for lunch at the Bill Gibbs training cafeteria with a four-day growth. He



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was promptly blocked off the serving line by the cafeteria manager.

"Sorry, Bill. You know the rules. You can't eat here."

"Are you going to give me the money to eat somewhere else?"

"Well, no."

"Are you going to use physical force to eject me?"

"Well, no."

"Well, then you'd better just stand aside."

That was the last meal Skinner ate in Bill Gibbs. He was given a meal allowance and has kept his scholarship, but was dropped from the track team. Now he competes for the NYAC, his eligibility based on the fact that he lived in New York while on a construction job for four months in 1967.

Robe is only seven years older than Skinner and is sympathetic to the problems that face a grown man who is obliged to play games with children. Robe's father wore a mustache and Robe himself sported one during his vacation last summer.

"Woodruff would prefer people to believe that all the staff at Tennessee are unanimously behind the decision regarding a clean-shaven appearance," Robe said recently in his office on the Blacksburg, Va., campus where he sits behind a telephone that is colored VPI maroon and orange. "But if each coach really had his own way there the policy would differ quite a bit from sport to sport. My plan was to put the question to a vote. If the track team agreed unanimously that Skinner should be allowed to compete with his mustache then I would have tried to get him reinstated."

Battle would have opposed such a move and, coming off a 10-1 record and a Sugar Bowl victory, he has a lot of clout.

"You shouldn't make an exception even for someone as special as Skinner," Battle said recently. "That's what kids are in rebellion against today—inconsistency by established authority."

What's left of the track team, with Robe gone and Skinner ineligible, has bowed to the inevitable. "I expect we would have voted that Skinner should compete," says Captain Tom Carmichael. "But when Robe left, Woodruff took over and the vote idea was dropped. We would probably have been overruled by the athletic department in any case. You get the feeling around here that

trackmen are second-class athletes. But the football team is what brings in the money, and I guess we have to be realistic. Without a successful football program we wouldn't even have a track team."

Stan Huntsman, a quiet, thorough man who had been coaching track at Ohio University, was rushed in last February to replace Robe. Recently he sat in the athletic-department lounge at Tennessee and tried to explain what it is like to be the new man in the middle. "We had similar rules regarding appearance at Ohio," he said, then paused for a moment to look at the floor and shake his head. "Well, no. That wouldn't be a completely fair thing to say about my old school. Actually, we had no rules at Ohio regarding appearance. I haven't really been able to think this thing out. But I'm compatible with the University of Tennessee rules."

This compatibility extends to the highest administrative levels. Dr. Earl Ramer, the faculty chairman of athletics and the current NCAA president, told Skinner that while he saw no reason why anyone couldn't wear a mustache he didn't want to interfere with department rules. Noninterference is also the policy being followed by Dr. Charles Weaver, the university's high-spirited and witty chancellor. Not long ago Dr. Weaver seemed positively eager to elucidate his position.

"As an administrator I reject the conventional university pecking orders of Department A looking down their noses at Department B," he commenced, smiling and gesturing and leaning forward over his desk. "I also reject the stigma that might be attached to an athletic program. I think the athletic department *does* teach. I think that character building *does* go on. Athletics are a vital part of the university and coaches are part of the teaching faculty."

"After Kent State I made six assumptions about running a university and one of them was that the professor was king of the classroom," Weaver continued, drawing a 3" by 5" file card out of a jacket pocket and holding it in front of him. "I also made a list of things that teachers do to students in their classes. Some count off on grades for late work. Some make students write their reports on special paper. As a student I once had a professor who actually insisted that we write our reports in India ink. Another of my

professors locked the door before a lecture. Those of us inside used to hear students actually beating on the door trying to get in. One professor who was fussing at me about Bill Skinner confessed that he finally had to throw a student out of one of his classes for sitting in the front row and loudly popping his bubble gum. A lot of what a teacher does with a class ties in with discipline, the need to run an orderly classroom. As far as mustaches and long hair are concerned, I personally couldn't care less. I think mustaches are attractive. My own children wear long hair. I have a motto that I recite to the balding alumni who visit the campus and complain about the long hair they see: 'If you've got it, flaunt it.' The point is that in all these cases the administration has only one choice and that is to back the professor. If I was walking down a corridor, looked through an open door and saw students in a classroom down on their hands and knees pushing peanuts around the floor with their noses I would not automatically assume that this was a bad thing."

Skinner is quite naturally disappointed that he has received no administrative backing, but this week he graduates with honors, a 3.0 grade average in industrial education and a citation from a national honor society, and he has every reason to feel confident about his future once he shakes the dust of Big Orange Country off his feet. He has a steady girl friend, a tall, attractive blonde of 26 named Nelda Dunn, who earns almost as much in her job as a quality-fashion buyer for a chain of Tennessee department stores as Skinner once made as a welder. After a slow start this spring, Skinner is throwing well and he is growing optimistic about surpassing the world record of 304 1/2" held by Finland's Jorma Kinnunen.

No radical changes are expected to take place at Tennessee after Skinner leaves, but perhaps there will be a few minor adjustments.

One might be to acknowledge that it is sophistic to make a comparison between asking students to push peanuts around the floor with their noses and demanding that they be clean-shaven. Few would deny that the former, whatever its educational value, is a wholly parietal activity; many would question whether the latter isn't a curtailment of personal liberty.

END

Since the Supreme Court forbade Bible reading in school, the kids must be having a tough time. I could never have made it through school except by picturing the faculty as the people of Rabbah and myself as David (II Samuel 12:31). In fact, David was my favorite Biblical character. One day my father sat on Claude, my pet porcupine, and unjustly decided to make me as sore as he was, and in the same place. My father was a giant—at least six cubits and a span—but although I'd learned from David how to handle gauges, I didn't have a sling.

That lack was corrected a couple years ago while I was on a trip through the Holy Land. Returning from Jericho to Jerusalem, I saw a Bedouin shepherd slinging stones at his sheep. It was the first time I'd ever seen a sling in use, so I shouted to the driver to stop.

Once the Bedouin found that I was not an Israeli, he let me look at the sling. It was made of woven goat hair and was a little more than three feet long. It consisted of a wool pouch to hold the stone, and two cords attached to the ends of the pouch. A small loop was tied in the end of one cord. The stone was put in the pouch and the shepherd slipped the loop over his index finger. Then, holding the other cord in his hand, he swung the pouch rapidly around his head and suddenly let loose the handful of cord. The sling opened and the stone was projected with astonishing power. He could send a stone about the size of a golf ball 100 yards.

Through the driver, the shepherd explained, "We have always used slings to herd our flocks. You throw the stone where you do not want the sheep to go, and so turn them. Now that the Israelis have forbidden us to have guns, we also use the slings to knock over small game just as we did in the old days. You can kill a gazelle with a sling, but mostly we knock over small birds. At the Damascus Gate in Jerusalem there's a booth where they sell hundreds of small birds, nearly all taken with slings. A sling hasn't the range of a gun, but the ammunition is cheaper; you just use rocks."

I offered to buy his weapon. He thought I was crazy because as an American I could afford a gun, but we finally settled on a price. Later I dropped into the Hebrew University of Jerusalem to

FOR USE ON GIANTS NOT TURKEYS

Scriptura tells us a sling can be lethal against a target such as Goliath (dimensions, six cubits and a span). It fails to explain how to down a wild bird in a New Jersey swamp by DANIEL MANNIX

find out something about slings. No one knows how old the instrument is, but Stone Age disk-shaped flints have been found that were used as slingstones, and a sling made of plaited linen thread was found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. The American Indians used slings. The Aztecs made such good use of the weapon against the Spanish that Bernal Diaz wrote, "They had slings and plenty of stones, and they threw them so fast they wounded five of our soldiers and two horses." As the soldiers were in full armor, the stones must have had considerable impetus. In the Old World the Jews were always great slingers, the Benjamites having a special corps of 700 left-handed slingers who, according to the Bible, "could sling stones at an hair breadth, and not miss." The Philistines preferred heavy javelins that could pierce a thick shield, but the slingers out ranged the javelin throwers, and after a Philistine had thrown his javelin he was unarmed, while a slinger could keep going as long as he could find rocks. Sennacherib introduced slingers in his army, and the Assyrians, Persians, Anglo-Saxons, Greeks and Romans also included the weapon in their arsenal. The Greeks made an art of slinging, baking clay pellets inscribed with a thunderbolt on one side and "Ouch!" on the other.

When I returned to Jerusalem's Intercontinental Hotel with my newly purchased sling, it produced a sensation. The Arab waiters were delighted. As children herding sheep, they had all used a sling, and seeing an American carrying one struck them as humorous, as meeting a sheikh wearing a top hat would seem to us. They crowded around eagerly to show me the correct technique. "But the *moqlar* is very old-fashioned," several explained, *moqlar* being the Arabic for the ordinary sling that resembles an eye patch, though it is best not to mention an eye patch around Arabs.

"The best sling works on an entirely different principle," one waiter told me. "I have one at home, and I keep the family supplied with small game using it. I'll bring it in tomorrow and show you how it works." The next morning the waiter produced the sling, all right. It consisted of a forked stick cut from the Mount of Olives and a rubber band cut from the inner tube of a defunct armored car. You put a stone in the middle of the rubber band, pulled it back and let go. If I hadn't been informed it was a unique device, I'd have sworn it was what American boys call a slingshot.

"This great invention revolutionized the art of hunting," my Arab friend explained proudly. "With the old *moqlar*



you have to stand up and swing it around your head. That frightens the game. But with this improved model, you can crouch down, aim and fire without any extra motion. True, it doesn't have anything like the power of the *awdlin*, but it's a lot more practical." I assumed this terrible weapon was indeed impressive; however, I still kept the *awdlin*.

On returning to Pennsylvania, I decided to use the *awdlin* for various hunting. I have quite a collection of primitive weapons, including longbows, crossbows, blowguns, boomerangs, bolas and throwing knives. But a sling is a handy device to carry around. You can stick it in your pocket or pull it through your belt. Also, a round missile sling with considerable power has certain advantages over a piercing missile like an arrow or a blowgun dart. It knocks the quarry cold while many an animal can turn off with an arrow or a dart.

I soon found that the Arabs sling was too light for my purposes. When a sling opens it has to open fast and with a snap to give the stone the greatest amount of momentum. The light wood didn't fall away fast enough. I came across an old book in my library on ancient English sports that had a design of a sling that "could send a bullet over the loftiest spire in England." This sling

was made of leather, the cords whipped with wadded thread. The pouch was also of leather with three slits cut in it so it would close around the stone. The sling was 48 inches long, nine inches longer than the Arab one. A neighbor who is a saddle maker made the apparatus for me. He did a very good job and even tried it out himself a few times.

In New Jersey there is a preserve where for a price you can hunt anything from mallards to imported *acridal* sheep. Wild turkeys are also on the menu. I called the proprietor and asked him if I could arrange a hunt using a sling. I heard him remark irritably to his wife, "Some damned drunk is always calling me up with some crazy idea," but after we got further into the conversation he became interested in the experiment. When I asked about fees he waved them aside. "Any turkeys you get with a sling I'll give you," he told me generously.

My wife and I visited the preserve, set deep in pine barrens, half a mile down a dirt and sand road. The proprietor told me the turkeys were in a 40-acre section of swampland surrounded by a 14-foot fence. "They won't fly unless hard pressed," he added. "We lose a few, but that's a good sport for them and they usually come back."

I was using my new sling with one-

inch ball bearings as pellets, which I thought would be adequate to settle a turkey's domesicks for him. A turkey is a big bird, and I could hit a tin pie plate at 90 yards pretty consistently with enough force to send the ball bearing through the plate. I thought I stood a reasonable chance.

The proprietor unlocked a gate and pointed toward the swamp, which was composed of scrub oak, pine and masses of holly, the red berries glowing against emerald leaves. "You're on your own," he assured me. "When you get tired, come to the gate and holler. I'll let you out."

I hadn't counted on the swamp and was wearing ankle-high boots. Heavens! I started out, stepping from tussock to tussock and from dead lamb to dead lamb, heading for the high ground on the far side. Almost at once I began to see turkey tracks. I got so interested in trying to see where they were heading that I made the mistake of stepping on a dead branch that broke and let me down into the black swamp water and mud. I heard the scolding of a jay, the alarm call of a robin and the angry chick-chuck of a chickadee. I wasn't the only one to hear them. In the distance came the unmistakable "tur-tur" warning call of a turkey, sounding like a drop of

ROBERT R.

water hitting a tin roof. I circled around and went toward the sound, putting a pellet in my sling and holding it taut between my hands to keep the pellet from falling out, a typical slinger's pose, which you may see immortalized on the walls of Ashurbanipal's palace.

Then black shapes were moving against the black mud, almost the same color but with a bronze sheen. They were scuttling along with their necks stretched out before them, long legs, thin bodies. I saw the red of the gobbler's wattles and moved to cut the birds off. There were one gobbler and two hens. The hens hadn't seen me and would make the best shot. I began to swing the sling.

They saw me then, all right. They seemed to drift through the trees, but they went astonishingly fast. In a second they were gone, their feet pattering on the dry leaves as they left the swamp and cut through the scrub oak.

Again I moved to cut them off, following them by the sound. When in position, I got down low to avoid the branches. Yes, there they were, but crouching I couldn't use the sling. When I straightened up, they were gone again.

After a few more attempts it had become apparent why wild turkeys seldom bother to fly. They can run like deer. They kept doubling back into the swamp while I blundered through masses of squirmed briar and the lower branches of the pines. If someone had been along to herd them to me, I might have had better luck, but after an hour or so it became obvious that a sling is no weapon to use in cover; it's designed for open country. I returned discouraged and found the proprietor standing at the gate: he had been watching me. "All right, now I'll fix things so you can get your turkey," he promised.

He turned loose a couple of dogs. The dogs went galloping through the swamp and, being a lot faster through mud than I was, they found the turkeys in no time. The turkeys tried to run, but the dogs were too fast even for them. Giving loud alarm calls, they went up in the air and lit in an oak.

"Now try your sling," he suggested.

I went in slowly. The turkeys were concentrating on the barking dogs and paid no attention to me. I lined up on one of the hens and let fly. The first ball bearing missed, but the hen paid no attention to it. One advantage of a sling is that it makes no noise. I sent another pel-

let, and this came so close that the hen turned her head and looked around. Now I had the range, so I slung another pellet as hard as I could which seemed to hit full and fair. The hen gave a squawk and volplaned out of the tree. The dogs grabbed her, and I rushed in to rescue the bird. The pellet must have hit her a glancing blow, for she was uninjured. I took the bird home with me, feeling that I had earned her.

It was now clear what my Arab friend had meant when he said that for most purposes the American-type slingshot is a more practical weapon. A good slingshot is more powerful than the average air rifle and can bury a lead pellet so deep in a pine board that it has to be cut out. In fact, one brought down a helicopter in Brazil in January 1967. A youngster was out with his slingshot near São Paulo and took a shot at a passing helicopter and struck the rotor. The copter became unmaneuverable and, after skimming the roofs of several houses, made an emergency landing on a football field. I'll bet that was one scared kid.

The 1950s were the great days for slingshot enthusiasts. A National Slingshot Association was formed at San Marino, Calif., and there was another slingshot club in Kentucky where all the members were over 50. Ernest Hemingway, Max Fleischmann, the yeast king, and actor Lloyd Nolan invested in slingshots, and the White House ordered three, for what purpose I'm not sure. Some of the men got remarkably expert. Jim Gasque in North Carolina, using No. 6 buckshot, could hit a quarter at 30 feet. Slingshot Shorty, also known as William Hutchens Jr. of Blountsville, Ala., could send a pellet through the neck of a bottle at 15 yards and knock out the bottom. But perhaps the best known was Johnny Milligan, a foreman at the Ford plant in Detroit, who could snuff a candle at 30 feet and once exploded four dozen eggs thrown into the air at 25 feet. Milligan and Whitt Coleman, another expert, went hunting with their weapons near Dearborn, Mich., using slingshots with aluminum forks and three-fourth-inch ball bearings. They could kill squirrels or rabbits at 40 feet.

For small game around the farm, I decided to see what I could do with a slingshot. After trying out several makes, I finally settled on the Slingbow, made by the Weber Tackle Company of Ste-

vens Point, Wis. The Slingbow is powered by surgical rubber tubing and comes in three strengths, the most powerful pulling about 40 pounds. Glass pellets are supplied for practice. I found it better to practice with a target set before a hanging sheet to conserve ammunition.

After considerable experimentation, I learned to hold the handle with four fingers and brace my thumb against the grip. I also sloped the slingshot at about 45 degrees to the right and aimed over the higher prong of the fork. If you keep the slingshot vertical, it is almost impossible to pull a 40-pound sling to full length and hold it steady while you aim. Also, if the rubber happens to break, you get it full in the face.

As hunting season was past by the time I'd gotten fairly accurate with the slingshot, I decided to try crows. If there's one thing we have plenty of around my farm it's crows, and I thought we could spare a few. The problem was how to get the crows in close enough, as the limit of accuracy for my slingshot was about 40 feet.

The problem was solved by a young friend, David Morris, who had a great horned owl named Yahooot. Yahooot had a sweet disposition—as great horned owls go—and didn't mind being used as a crow decoy, especially if he got to eat the crows. We started out with Yahooot and two slingshots, the medium and the powerful. A powerful slingshot takes so much strength to pull that the fork has a tendency to wobble when taking aim. For ammunition I used three-fourth-inch ball bearings.

If we had been doing it right we would have built a blind, but you need more room to maneuver a slingshot than a shotgun, so I decided to lie down behind some logs near a swamp. Yahooot was put out on a perch near an oak tree where we hoped the crows would land, thus giving me a still shot. The swamp was in the middle of a valley where crows were always flying back and forth. It seemed like a good spot. David, with a crow call, started giving a series of harsh alarm calls in the best crow language.

Only one crow heard him, but that bird came drifting in to the oak. He took one look at Yahooot and started screaming "Owl! Owl!" while dive-bombing Yahooot. I was tempted to try a wing shot but waited for others to come in.

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PEOPLE

It has been a while since we had a candidate for the Walking-the-Plank Trophy, but here comes **John Gronoski**, ex-Postmaster General, ex-Ambassador to Poland and current head of the LIU School of Public Affairs at the University of Texas. Yup, here he comes now, fully dressed, walking out on the diving board over his brand-new swimming pool to make sure everything's just right for his brand-new swimming pool party. And there he goes now—Splash! Seems the diving board has not yet been attached.

Elbet Kennedy excoed down Georgia's Chattahoochee River recently, taking with her "in case there had been any trouble," as *The New York Times* put it. **Fran Tarkenton**, **Rafer Johnson** and **Jim Whitaker**. You know—Fran Tarkenton, Rafer Johnson and Jim Whitaker, the gamblers?

★ Women playing rugby? Well, sure, it is something of a rage now in Paris—and here to prove it are some of the lovely ladies from two of the typical teams.



A newsmen, hunting for just the right quote, asked if such a hearty sport didn't tend to develop the girls in all the wrong places. "It all depends," said one girl named **Sylvie**, "on which way you look at it, doesn't it, monsieur?" So much for snappy quotes. Now guess if one of the girls in the accompanying picture is Sylvie.

Everybody remembers the "Naked Came the Stranger, Growling Came the Dog" item from last week, right? Well, this week we bring you "Naked Came the Cricket Team, Growling Came Officials of the University of Cape Town," where 11 male students have been fined for playing cricket naked outside a women's dormitory.

Marty Robbins, the country music star who gave us such zingers as *A White Sport Coat* and *a Pink Carnation and Big Iron*, suited up for Charlotte, N.C.'s World 600 stock car race and qualified at a little over 150 mph in one of race winner **Bobby Allison**'s old cars. "Bobby told me he was going to make a couple of changes to make the car faster," Robbins says, "but I told him the car was running just about as fast as I wanted to go." And durned if Marty didn't go out there and finish 15th which, presumably, was about as close to winning as he wanted to come.

It is **Stiff Upper Lip Time** again in England, where the week produced this crop of croppers:

★ Scragging losers included the gentleman above, who met with disaster during the Offshore Tin Bath Race held at Cowes. His tin bathtub was equipped with pedals, but in order to work them you have to not fall out.

Then came **Prime Minister Edward Heath**. The P.M. also was racing at Cowes but the wind failed, Heath's *Morale* Cloud



He drifted into David Powell's Mersea Oyster and he decided to retire.

By the way, Heath was racing in the Admirals' Cup Series—not the Tin Bath Race.

Meanwhile, **Prince Philip** was falling off his polo pony again, in a match at Windsor Great Park. That hurt a little. Then his side was beaten by a team of Americans. That hurt a lot.

As for **Margaret and Tony**, they were driving home from a party when whom should they run into but **Raymond Bellisario**. Bellisario is a photographer who has bugged the royal family in the past by taking pictures without permission and he'd been at it again that evening at the party. So when we say the Snowdons ran into him, we mean they ran into him—with their red Vauxhall. Bellisario claims his car was "badly buckled," but a palace spokesman says, "It was nothing serious." Still, in all the excitement Bellisario didn't lose his head: in addition to writing down the Snowdons' license number he sneaked in a couple more photographs.

Finally, to **Rufus**, the kooky cocker spaniel who belongs to the **Grailyn Rees-Williamses**, we

herby give the Well-Meaning But Talk About Incompetent Watchdog Award of the Week. According to the *London Daily Express*, Rufus saw a strange pair of legs outside the window of his master's bedroom and, barking fiercely, he attacked. Only he forgot he was upstairs. And he missed the legs. And he soared straight out of the window and dropped 20 feet into the garden below. It's not Rufus' upper lip we're worried about. Turns out Rufus is fine, but as Mrs. Rees-Williams observed, "It must have been a great shock for the window cleaner."

The way to the bottom of the Grand Canyon is by foot or on muleback, but when **John Bogges** hired on as chef for the **Phantom Ranch** at the bottom he weighed 216 pounds. Since he didn't want to walk—and since the mules are not permitted to pack more than 200 pounds—John dieted mightily and did slim down. Good for John? No, bad for John. When he wanted to come out, after 14 months down there eating his own cooking, his weight was back up over the 200 mark by 10 pounds. Diet again? No way. This time he hired a helicopter to come and lift him out.

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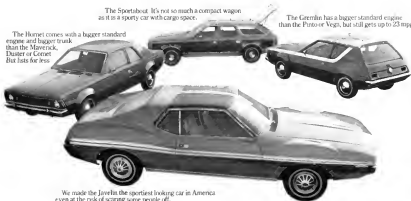
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AMERICAN MOTORS DEALERS

Even the President worried

Panic wasn't exactly sweeping the ranks of American League pitchers, but, all things being relative, there was no denying that Luis Aparicio was tearing the cover off the ball last week.

He singled on Tuesday, for example, and then again on Friday and Saturday. Three singles in five games does not ordinarily constitute a hitting streak, but standards must be raised—or lowered—for one as sorely beset as the Boston shortstop. Indeed, when Aparicio nudged a gentle grounder past Kansas City Pitcher Mike Hedlund on June 1, it was his first base hit in 45 at bats. He had gone zero for 44 from May 20, reportedly the most appalling slump for a nonpitching man in Red Sox history. It is no wonder then that by the weekend Aparicio's singles were being acclaimed as grand slam home runs generally are. On Friday night in Fenway he had the single, walked twice, scored three runs and batted in two. He received an ovation.

During the long drought, sympathetic well-wishers came forward with helpful hints, good luck charms, inspirational messages and condolences. At one point Red Sox Broadcaster Sherm Feller offered Aparicio a mezuzah—a scroll symbolic of Jewish faith in the Almighty. "Can I hit with it?" inquired Aparicio, who, in fact, used the same old 32-ounce bat to finally exorcise the demons. Boston Manager Eddie Kasko never lost faith in his shortstop. He "rested" him only three times during the slump. "Luis isn't hurting us," said Kasko with admirable conviction. "His work in the field has been outstanding." And it was. Aparicio did not have an error while making all those outs at the plate.

Last winter the Red Sox traded for Aparicio, in his 37th year, after he had enjoyed his two most rewarding seasons at bat (.313 and .280) with the White Sox, a team of hitless wonders. And in the beginning there was little to portend disaster. Aparicio hit successfully

in his first seven games. He drove in 13 runs in his first 12 games. But he was barely above .150 when he stroked that historic single off Hedlund, an occasion made all the more memorable by a message from the White House.

"In my own career," wrote Richard Nixon to Luis Aparicio, "I have experienced long periods when I couldn't seem to get a hit regardless of how hard I tried. But in the end, I was able to hit a home run. . . ."

THE WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

NL EAST Nervous Michelle Holtzman, who can't bear to watch her husband Ken pitch, did turn on the TV set to see him put the finishing touches to a no-hit game—the second of his major league career—as CHICAGO beat ROSELESS CINCINNATI 1-0. "My curve was so sharp that I was missing all the corners," Holtzman said, "so I just about gave it up and stuck with fastballs after the sixth inning." Ernie Banks' first home run of the year and complete-game victories by Ferguson Jenkins and Bill Hands should have made it a perfect week for Manager Leo Durocher, but Umpire Harry Wendelstedt welcomed Reliever Phil Regan one night with a shake-down—he was looking for the greasy-kid stuff—and Durocher fumed. "He told my catcher he wasn't going to call any strikes by Regan unless the ball was right down the middle of the plate," he said. In the next two innings Wendelstedt called only one strike thrown by Regan. SF, SF, SF, lost ailing Bob Gibson for at least three weeks and suffered a double dose of Channel No. 5. Twice Cardinal games were telecast back to St. Louis and twice St. Louis lost—10-1 and 12-0. PITTSBURGH Reliever Dave Giusti, arriving late at Three Rivers Stadium, was caught sneaking onto the field through an outfield fence and fined \$25. Five hours later Giusti picked up his 11th save. NEW YORK'S

Tug McGraw revealed where all that strength came from after stopping the Giants in relief. "I'm an outdoor guy," he said. "I'd rather spend my winter in California and be healthy than spend it in New York and be rich." MONTREAL was losing again. "Some of our guys are playing cautiously to keep from being sent to Winnipeg," said Manager Gene Muech. At last, something wonderful happened to PHILADELPHIA: Jim Bunning got the 2,827th strikeout of his 17-year career and moved past Cy Young into second place on the all-time strikeout list. Walter Johnson struck out 3,508.

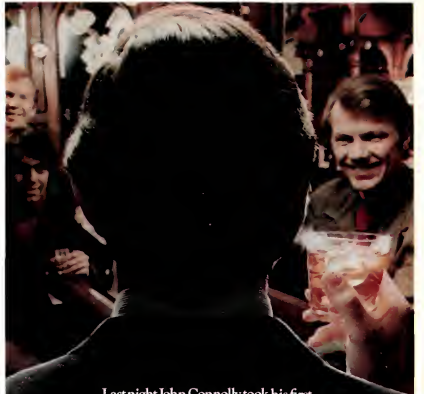
ST. L. 24-18 PIT 23-28 NY 20-29
GME 22-28 MONT 21-27 PHIL 22-22

NL WEST That annual SAN FRANCISCO happening known as the June SWACON began promptly on schedule as the front-running Giants, who won 18 games and lost only nine during the month of May, lost the first five games they played in June. Losing the first two games of the month to the Mets was bearable, the next two to the Phillies exasperating. The Giants took the light-hitting Phillies so lightly they did not even scout them. Result: Gaylord Perry was racked for nine hits in less than five innings and lost. Then Tim McCarver beat the Giants with a pinch-hit home run. "Ahhh, I still don't believe this so-called business," grumbled Manager Charlie Fox. LOS ANGELES dropped one game because Rookie Third Baseman Bobby Valentine lost three ground balls in the lights. Manager Walter Alston replaced Valentine with Steve Garvey, who lost no grounders in the lights and hit a home run to boot. Larry Dierker won two more games for HOUSTON, making him 10-1 for the year, and Joe Morgan, the little Astro at 5' 7" and 150 pounds, continued to lead the big Astros in home runs (4) and RBIs (22). "If I lead this team in homers, we'll finish fifth," Morgan said. Mrs. Polly Freedman of Corvallis, Ore. SCORE ATLANTA Pitcher Pat Jarvis a 1934 Liberty bond drive, hoping the coin would help Jarvis end his 11-game losing streak. Jarvis promptly pitched 3½ innings of runless relief and won. Clarence Ginston blasted his own SAN DIEGO pitchers for not protecting the Padre hitters with retaliatory knockdown pitches. "Pitchers have been throwing at us all spring, especially at Nate Colbert," Ginston said. CINCINNATI lost five games out of six and finally benched Johnny and his .223 batting average.

SF 20-18 LA 20-28 HOUS 27-28
ATL 22-21 CIN 22-23 SD 18-27

AL EAST BALTIMORE was having trouble with dust-off pitches. It was no coincidence, the Orioles figured, that Chicago pitchers hit three Orioles in one game after going 43 straight games without hitting anyone. And it seemed even less coincidental that Target No. 1 was

continued

A large, dark silhouette of a man's head and shoulders dominates the foreground, facing away from the viewer. In the background, a social scene is visible with several people. To the right, a man with a mustache is smiling and holding a glass of amber-colored liquid with ice. To the left, a woman is partially visible, looking towards the camera. The background is dimly lit, suggesting a bar or restaurant.

Last night John Connolly took his first
sip of a really light and smooth Kentucky Bourbon.

He reached The Ancient Age.



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All it takes to start the ball rolling is a visit to your pro shop. Your golf pro will help custom-fit the right set of clubs and options to your individual style of play.

There are three models: the *Professional*, the *F-IV*. And the *Professional Lady Faultless*. But if you wish, Faultless craftsmen can practically build any club you want from the ground up.

Choose such options as under- and oversized grips. Extra stiff shaft. Longer or shorter lengths. To name just a few.

The delivery time? Usually less than four weeks. There's even a phone number your pro can call for immediate service. It's 614-345-9774—a direct line to the Faultless plant.

But don't get us wrong. Faultless Professional Clubs aren't crafted in the shadow of a time clock. Every club is completely hand ground. Hand assembled. Hand finished.

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So talk to your golf professional, and ask him to introduce you to our Professionals. Your pro will be happy to help you select the custom options which best fit your game.

Who knows. You might even lose your amateur standing.

Faultless

You don't have to be a pro to play like one.



Don Buford, a former White Sox player who already had hit two home runs in the game. Joe Herken plunked Buford with a pitch. Ben Johnson followed suit a few innings later and the ruckus started. It quieted without damage, then broke out again when Buford took umbrage at a fan's jeering. The Orioles couldn't be happier. Buford's aggressiveness, they figured, finally woke up their sleeping team norton dropped out of first place as Sonny Siebert lost twice following nine straight wins. In an attempt to patch their sagging pitching corps, the Red Sox brought up Luis Tiant from their Louisville affiliate. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn reportedly is investigating rumors that CLEVELAND signed Sam McDowell, Ken Harrelson and Graig Nettles to so-called performance bonus contracts. If the three did agree to such terms, they are in dollar trouble. McDowell is 5-5, Harrelson is hitting .201, Nettles .209. DETROIT Manager Billy Martin, embarrassed by the ovations he received on his return to Minnesota, said, "I didn't want to go out to talk to the pitchers because it'd look like I wanted more cheers." The Tigers dropped two of three to the Twins. WASHINGTON lost a 21-inning game to Oakland and Den-

ny McLain lost his tenth of the season. "I don't care what the writers say, I still say I got a helluva chance to win five games this season," McLain said. NEW YORK, loser of five of eight games, let it be known that it was going into the amateur draft with only a small list of desirables. They're loaded, they say, in the minor leagues.

BALY 21-19 BOSY 21-22 DET 29-28
CLEV 23-28 NY 23-30 WASH 19-30

AL WEST

KANSAS CITY was looking more like royalty every day. Paced by Amos Otis and Cookie Rojas, the team swept a three-game series from the Red Sox, two from the Yankees and finished its East Coast tour with a 6-1 record. Otis hit three home runs at Fenway Park as the Royals won both ends of a doubleheader, the first time that has happened to the Red Sox at home since 1966—when another Kansas City team, the old Athletics, did it. Boston's George Scott was impressed by the Royals' pitching. "Last year their pitchers tried to overpower us," Scott said. "Now they know how to pitch." OAKLAND'S Vada Blue can pitch, too. He won two more games, hiking his record to

12 and 2, and for his efforts was presented with a Cadillac (license plate: VBLUE) by Owner Charlie Finley. "I need wheels," Blue said, "and these are good ones." After making only one error in six games, the WHITE SOX reverted to form and erred three times on three consecutive plays. MINNESOTA Manager Bill Rigney, looking for double plays, shifted All-Star Second Baseman Rod Carew to third base and moved rookie Steve Braun to second. In his first game at the new position, Braun made a high throw on a routine double play and gave the Twins another loss. Owner Calvin Griffith said, "I can't remember one of our teams ever looking worse than this." MINNAPOLIS was tied for the best earned run average in the American League—a good 2.88—until the Baltimore Orioles ravaged the Brewers 12-4. CALIFORNIA continued to slip into the Pacific, and Alex Johnson onto the bench as he failed to run out a ground ball. There were strong rumors that Lefty Phillips would be replaced. "Highly premature," said Dick Walsh, the general manager. "Managers," said Phillips, "are hired to be fired."

DAR 27-18 KC 26-23 MINN 27-27
CAL 26-28 CH 20-28 MIL 32-20

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Big Red votes itself No. 1

Ignored in last year's ballots, Cornell triumphed on the field

From the beginning the Establishment had to be a bit jittery over the first NCAA lacrosse championship tournament, which was completed last week. The whole idea of *playing* for the title smacked of unorthodoxy. For 34 years the coaches elected a champion. Then there was the matter of the site. The finals were held not in the environs of Johns Hopkins, Army, Navy or the University of Maryland, the hallowed Big Four that in the past inevitably produced the winner, but out at Hofstra University in Hempstead, N.Y. True, Long Islanders had shown a startling aptitude for the game in recent years, but they still could not tell a crab cake from a hush puppy, and, besides, the old sod at Hofstra had been replaced with AstroTurf.

When the eight-team field for the three-week, single-elimination tournament was named, the Establishment re-

ceived perhaps its biggest shock. Missing was Hopkins, which had won 11 of those 34 mythical titles. The absence of the Bluejays, who lost six games this year, made the tournament something less than up-to-snuff for the Establishment, rather like a season at the hunt with no foxes. Still, the old-school sorts could cheer for their other favorites, the service academies and Maryland. Cheer, that is, until Navy and Army were eliminated in the semifinals.

That left the Terps to go against—and here is where the Establishment really must have cringed—Cornell. Last year Cornell dared to object when three teams, each of whom had lost a game, were chosen tri-champs while the Big Red, which had not lost at all, went unconsidered. "You did not play any of our teams," was the Establishment line. "C, S, & P" was the Cornell reply. The Big Red finished that sentence at Hofstra last week, proving just how brash upstarts can be, by rudely defeating Maryland 12-6.

"People in Baltimore are brain-washed," said Cornell Coach Richie Moran, a little round man whose face is all Irish and whose soul is blarney and Bilko in equal measures. "Nobody there knows how good our lacrosse is. They need to be enlightened. We've been trying to schedule them for years, but they say they're booked solid. Sure—that's why Army picked up Hobart this year. And Navy's got a joke compared to our schedule.

"Look at it this way: last year we were No. 1 in offense and defense and we were still a bridesmaid. Cornell has been 55-4 over the last five years and never ranked higher than third." All this was before the tournament began.

Moran provided the enlightenment he promised with a team that is geographically more diverse and far less experienced than championship clubs usually are. Both the Cornell and Maryland rosters were made up largely of players raised in Maryland or Long Island, where the high school lacrosse is the best. There were more Long Islanders (20) on the two teams than Marylanders (19), and surprisingly, the Terrapins, with 12, had most of them. Cornell has also drawn heavily from the game's newest breeding ground, upstate New York. All three of the Big Red's top scorers are from towns north of the school's location in Ithaca. Before coming to Cornell both Al Rimmer, from Toronto, and Frank Davis, a Tuscarora Indian who was raised on a reservation near Buffalo, had participated only in box lacrosse, the indoor game favored by Canadians and Iroquois that is played during the summer on defrosted hockey rinks. Tri-captain Bob Shaw lives in Lafayette, N.Y., where Onondagas and Oneidas comprise half the high school enrollment. Five of the six midfielders on Shaw's prep team are now captains of college squads.

Cornell's roster also included 12 athletes who had never played lacrosse before they arrived in Ithaca, a compliment to Moran's coaching, which is at once brusque and buoyant. "He's Irish," says Goalie Bob Rule, explaining Moran's technique. During practices Moran shifts willy-nilly from soft-spoken sermons on positive thinking to a bullhorn voice that threatens to ignite the turf. "It's not a swearing kind of yelling," says Rimmer. "It makes you think, I've never gone into a game tight. He gets you way up and then loosens you with humor."

Few teams have ever looked better prepared to play their game than Cornell did against Maryland. Rule was injured earlier in the tournament, and his replacement, Bob Buhmann, played poorly the previous week in the Big Red's 17-16 win over Army. But against Maryland, Buhmann made 22 saves, including stops on six shots fired from point-blank range. The Big Red defense of Bill Ellis, Russ Greene and John Burnap



CHASED BY MARYLAND STAR JOHN KAESTNER, CORNELL'S AL RIMMER CIRCLES GOAL

checked Maryland high scorers Tom Cleaver and John Kaestner. Averaging a combined six goals and three assists per game this year, they were held to two goals and one assist on Saturday.

Three different Terp defenders tried to halt Rimmer and none succeeded. He pumped in six goals, all from his favorite spot about 15 feet out and slightly to the left of the goal. His second score, with 11:39 gone in the first period, turned control of the game over to Cornell by opening a 4-2 lead. Rimmer spun from behind the goal, retained control of the ball despite a rugged stick check by Maryland's Rich Bantz, posted his man and fired a score past the hip of Goalie Bill Reilly. "They were overplaying me way to my right," Rimmer explained. "It's like in basketball when they think a man can only go one way. Well, I just brought them out and turned back on them. It let me get inside the man guarding me and then all I had to do was spin around quickly and take my normal shot."

Maryland's only strong drive of the game came early in the fourth quarter when the Terps closed the score to 10-6 with two goals in five minutes. But again it was Rimmer who regained control for Cornell. With the Terps clamping a tight ride on the Big Red defensemen and middies, Burnap tossed a risky but accurate 50-yard clearing pass to Rimmer. The Cornell attackman dashed to his spot and gunned in his final goal just as Maryland's Ira Hochstadt belted him to the AstroTurf.

For the next five minutes Cornell went into a stall that left Maryland gasping. With Rimmer, Davis, Shaw and Attackman Glen Mueller passing and dodging almost flawlessly, the Terps were able to gain possession of the ball only once, and then briefly before Shaw put in Cornell's last goal.

After the game, while his team hoisted the trophy they had earned through playing, not politics, Moran was interviewed solemnly for a Baltimore TV station by a man dressed in a Hopkins blazer, and a non-Establishment fan climbed out of the bleachers with a huge stack of bumper stickers reading: NATIONAL CHAMPION CORNELL LAKROSS. As the microphone was taken away, Moran yelled, "Do you think we showed Baltimore something? Do you think they'll rank us as high as third?" For once it did not matter.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

*Now you see
them,
now you don't*

The Indian fakir throws a rope into the air. Mysteriously, it suspends itself. A little boy then climbs the rope until he is out of sight. The rope descends limply to the ground and the boy has disappeared. Baffling? Perhaps. But put yourself in East's seat on the deal shown below and I will reveal for you how a similar trick is performed at the bridge table.

Holding the guarded K-Q-J of clubs behind dummy's ace, East sees three sure trump tricks, enough to defeat South's doubled five-club contract. But when South sends up his rope, one of East's "sure" tricks will disappear, despite anything East can do.

If I am not mistaken, the "wily old fakir" who performed his magic on this hand was the late Edwin J. (Bud) Smith of Detroit. Bud's death last year was a keen loss to bridge, for he was as fine a gentleman as he was a player.

South's second bid of one heart would be chosen by most of today's experts but, personally, I would prefer the time-honored sequence, bidding spades first and then showing the hearts, which better conveys the information that both suits are real. In the given bidding,

continued

East-West
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ J 10 4
♥ 6
♦ A 10 4 3 2
♣ A 8 2

WEST
♠ Q 7 5 2
♥ 9 7 2 2
♦ J 5 7 6 4
♣ —

EAST
♠ 3 8
♥ Q J 10 8
♦ K Q 9
♣ A K J 4

SOUTH
♠ A K 6 2
♥ A K 5 4
♦ —
♣ 10 7 6 5 3

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
1 ♥	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
2 ♣	PASS	3NT	PASS
3 ♣	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 5 of diamonds

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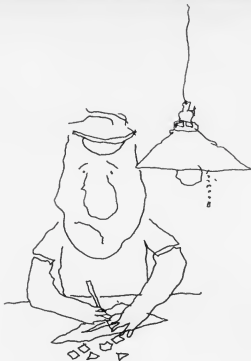


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South's spade bid might be read as a cue bid rather than as a real suit. However, let us return to the capturing of the king. The play was indeed the thing.

Declarer won the diamond opening lead with dummy's ace, discarding a spade from his hand, and immediately ruffed a diamond. He suspected from the fact that East had doubled in the face of such powerful bidding that East must have a trump stack, and he decided to play the hand accordingly. It required delicate timing.

South first cashed the ace and king of hearts, discarding a spade from dummy. Then he ruffed a heart in dummy and trumped another diamond in his hand. The fall of the cards thus far suggested that East had begun with four hearts, in spite of the fact that he had dropped the queen on the third round of the suit. So declarer cashed his ace-king of spades and trumped his fourth heart in dummy before leading a fourth round of diamonds.

By this time East was down to no cards other than his original four trumps. If he ruffed low, South would overruff, and dummy's ace of clubs would remain as declarer's 11th trick. So East ruffed high, but it did not help.

Declarer discarded his last spade on this trick, and East was forced to return one of his two remaining club honors to knock out dummy's ace. On the lead from dummy at the 12th trick, East was presented with a second Hobson's choice. He could play high or low, but whichever he did, the result would be the same: South's 10 of clubs would capture the game-winning trick.

Note, if you will, that whether or not you agree with the actual auction the result was a triumph of bidding as well as of play. A number of North-South pairs played this hand at three no trump, assured by each other's bidding that they were covered in all four suits. But such knowledge alone is not enough to warrant a three-no-trump contract. Before you bid game in no trump, always ask yourself where the nine tricks are going to come from. As the cards lie, with a red-suit lead from either side of the table, the defenders are bound to score at least five tricks before North-South can win nine—unless the club suit breaks favorably. But when the hand is played at clubs, declarer can survive even the most unfavorable break and bring home his game.

END

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Two great styles—wing-up and strap with buckle.



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and nicotine
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cigarettes sold.

But did you know
True Green is, too?



Regular or menthol. Doesn't it all add up to True?

The British Amateur championship is golf's solution to generation gaps, class barriers, welfare, physical unfitness, moral decay and the problem of where to send all those urban dogs. Everybody plays in the British Amateur—doctors, lawyers, farmers, clerks, grocers, bus drivers, golf writers, shoe salesmen, horse breeders, janitors, jockey club millionaires, guys with wives for caddies, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, Tom Seaver's father and midgets.

Because the tournament is "restricted" to two-handicappers, this surplus of entrants (256 when they stopped counting last week) also includes a whole bunch of liars. Still, the British Amateur remains a classic event. Bobby Jones called it the toughest tournament he ever won, and it remains one of the six major championship tests in the world each year, the only one at match play. Last week it was held in Scotland under normal eyelash-freezing circumstances on the faded links of Carnoustie, surrounded by the waves and winds of the North Sea, the dreary smoke from textile and machinery factories, the sounds of rifle-range gunfire and railroad trains crossing trestles, and the echoes of a little bit of history. So what if Carnoustie's surroundings resemble a live-and-in-color conception of what the end of the world may look like? It was here, in 1931, that Tommy Armour returned to his native Scotland and won the British Open. It was here that Ben Hogan became "the Wee Iconom" in 1953, winning the only British Open in which he played. And it was here last Saturday that 24-year-old Steve Melnyk out of Brunswick, Ga.—the University of Florida and, presently, Jacksonville, added some lore of his own by becoming the 11th man to win both the U.S. and British Amateur championships.

The pleasant, bulbous, 235-pound Melnyk, who took the U.S. Amateur title at Oakmont in 1969, closed out a grueling week of seven preliminary matches by defeating blond Jim Simons of Butler, Pa. 3 and 2 in the 36-hole final, thus joining the company of Jones, Harold Hilton, Walter Travis, Jesse Sweetser, Lawson Little, Willie Turnesa, Dick Chapman, Harvey Ward, Deane Beman and Bob Dickson. And he could fly back to America secure in the knowledge that he had concluded his amateur career



America's burly Steve Melnyk conquered a demanding Scottish course and a huge field of aspiring players to capture the British Amateur

Making up for the lost cup

the way he had wished—at the top—and that back home would be wasting professional agents, financial gold, grapefruit for his diet and the fiancée he had been mooning about all week.

For Melnyk, Simons and the rest of the U.S. team that had lost the Walker Cup the previous week, the British Amateur was a fine opportunity for vengeance. Melnyk especially was stung by the notoriety the U.S. team had received in defeat. Practicing with teammates one day, he overheard one of the local gentry shout, "Look, look, it's the Americans who lost the Walker Cup." Angry, he vowed to the local press that an American would win their amateur title. Carnoustie was certainly better suited to the U.S. player's tastes than was St. Andrews. The Barry Burn weaves its watery coils over a vast portion of the course—most treacherously on the three closing holes—and turns some landing areas into the size of manhole covers. But flatter fairways, smaller greens and no rain brought optimism. As America's John Farquhar explained, "Ah can see where ah'm goin' here."

He could also see some of the phenomena (in clothing and golf swings) that appear annually in the British Amateur. One gentleman wore a dress shirt buttoned at the neck, cuff links, an eye-

shade and no tie. Another wore faded, shredded blue jeans and black and white sneakers but no socks. A third-generation Scotsman named Gino Russo wore a V-neck sweater with no shirt underneath while disposing of U.S. Walker Cupper Bill Campbell in the first round. The haberdashery was no more distinctive than the extraordinary swing of a traveling salesman from Kirkintilloch who in the second round cross-handed a banana ball 60 yards into the burn. A few years ago the same chap hit into a bunker on the 14th hole and found his ball inches from a live mortar shell that had wandered over from the nearby military firing range. The rule was he could move any movable obstruction, but the question was did he want to? He exploded (hee-hee) from the sand and went on his way.

Ignoring the fact that Michael Bonallack had won the last three British amateurs and mindful that in 50 years only three Britons had won the tournament when an American Walker Cup team was around, British bookmakers installed Melnyk, Simons and the U.S. champion, Larry Wadkins, as the favorites. Early on, the odds looked shaky. Ian Hutchinson, who has twice won local titles at Carnoustie, had Simons three down and three to play on the

continues

first day but got a case of the terrors, losing three straight and the match on the second playoff hole. Melnyk survived a scare in the second round when, 2 up with three to go on Herb Durham of Dallas, he lost the 16th, hit into the burn on 17 to lose that and go all-even, and went into the burn again off the 18th tee. He fought back with a marvelous four-wood and a bunker shot to within three feet for a round-saving half and then went on to win at the 19th. "My whole life passed before me in that water," Melnyk said later.

Four top Americans were eliminated from the picture that day. Wadkins, suffering from the flu, lost to an Englishman named Harry Hopkinson who, among other things, pitched in from 50 yards for an eagle. Jim Gabrielsen was beaten and so, too, were Vanny Giles and Allen Miller. The victorious British Walker Cup side suffered erosion the next day when six of its men went out, including Bonallack, whose string of 27 consecutive winning matches in

the championship came to an end. The quarterfinals on Friday morning included two matches between Walker Cuppers—Simons vs. Scotland's Hugh Stuart and Texan Tom Kite against Ireland's Roddy Carr—while in the other draw, Melnyk met Dr. Ed Updegraff, a urologist from Tucson who is his sometime gin partner on the U.S. amateur tour. As it turned out, it was Melnyk's easiest day. His length off the tee (daily, he nearly drove the 360-yard 11th) proved too much of an advantage as he defeated Updegraff 4 and 3. In the semifinal that afternoon he disposed of British universities champion Peter Moody by the same score. Meanwhile, Simons and Kite, roommates while in Scotland, beat Stuart and Carr with some excellent golf Friday morning, but in their semifinal match that afternoon they butchered it through whin and heather until Simons, two down at the turn, took advantage of Kite's tendency to give away leads to win the 17th hole and then the match 1 up.

Friday night Melnyk ate Chateaubriand for two, exhibited a charming bravado and wondered how he would fit the trophy on the airplane. In the 36-hole final on Saturday he held a 1-up margin in the morning round. After lunch Simons hacked a drive and went two down but came back to square the match on the 27th. Melnyk was hooking everything now ("My legs were dead," he said later), but Simons hit an approach fat into a ditch on the 28th hole and Melnyk hung a rope (a 40-foot eagle putt) on him at 30 for another 2-up lead. At the 34th hole he hit an admirable three-wood to 40 feet and lagged close. When Simons used three to get on and then added a couple of putts, he conceded and Melnyk had the championship.

"I played 36 holes eight of the last 14 days," said the winner. "I walked about as far as I could go." Still, Melnyk admitted, he would be happy to do it all over again—even if it did mean a trip to the end of the world. END

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Sunday races, with kids accommodated

A sophisticated racetrack in a rural setting with modern equipment and bright decor, Delaware Park has now become the first major track in the country to offer thoroughbred racing on Sunday. Having been racing on Sundays in Paris, Moscow and at Green Mountain in Vermont, I went to the first Sunday of racing at the duPont domain on May 30 with considerable interest.

The day was drizzly and dismal, more fitting for church than turf. When Sunday racing was proposed, the church people made *pro forma* flack, but with first post time scheduled for 1:30 they soon realized there was no conflict of interest. Thus day 15,825 loyal parishioners-of past performances showed up.

"Children invited" has always been a dogan at Delaware Park, where family picnics have been prevalent ever since William duPont Jr. established the track on 680 acres near Stanton, Del., in 1937. (Mr. duPont, who died in 1985, did not have to worry a great deal about money, what with gunpowder, nylon and cellophane going for him, so no pains and no sums were spared to make this one of the most attractive racing establishments in the United States.)

There were about 35 children cavorting on the soggy grass of a playground in a deep grove of great trees back of the paddock and adjacent to the rail at the first turn into the backstretch. Shirley Taylor, a registered nurse, wrapped a shivering 5-year-old girl, daughter of a trainer, in a borrowed raincoat while explaining the reactions of her charges,

who ranged in age from three to 13. As soon as the kids heard the roaring of "They're off!" they jumped on plastic hobbyhorses. One boy yelled, "I'm Cannoner H." and whipped furiously. Another reported proudly that his father was a trainer. A girl named Denise, who adored having her picture taken, said she had no father but her mother had a horse or two. Parking their children in the playground seems as routine to trainers as parking their cars. Horseplayers too, like to get their children out from under their feet and away from asking why Daddy bet that horse. Also, the playground is free, as is admission for children, and baby-sitters—well, that's betting money. But there were also plenty of kids in the stands and at the rail.

The day started off with a disqualification in the first race, causing groans from bettors who suddenly wished they had stood in church. The racing was respectable, with some good jockeys riding, including Bill Hartack, Eldon Nelson and William Passmore, who has

seven children of his own but did not put them in the playground. A spot sampling of horseplayers showed that most were in favor of Sunday racing. "What else is there to do?" mumbled a surly fan who looked as if he had recently graduated from Marijuana High. There are no local professional sports teams to root for. The nearest baseball team is the Phillies. And root for them?

If they were going neither to church nor the races, people might visit the beaches, but Chesapeake Bay, Rehoboth Beach and Atlantic City are all lengthy drives. And sitting home and watching TV is a tiresome way to spend the day of rest when there's action only a few miles away.

One man, a parking attendant at the track, was opposed to Sunday racing. "I want to go to church," he said aggressively. And then added philosophically, "Oh, well, I guess I can go Tuesday when the track is closed." The other employees did not seem to mind. Ray Ciesinski, the chief usher, who has been working at the track for 25 years, prefers Sundays, as do his ushers, most of whom are students at the University of Delaware. When not working at the track, Ciesinski coaches cross-country and track at Newark High School not far from Wilmington. Lou Gross, the track bagger, teaches music at Newark schools; he likes Sunday racing and a change from Bach and Beethoven.

Despite the dreary weather, people from outlying areas flocked in via automobile, buses and race trains. They

continued



CHILDREN IN PLAYGROUND AT DELAWARE PARK STAGE A MOCK RACE WHEN THEY HEAR THE CRY, "THEY'RE OFF!"

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HORSE RACING

came mainly from Philadelphia and the heavily populated sections of southeastern Pennsylvania and South Jersey, but buses from the New York area also brought large numbers. Management hopes that Sunday racing will attract more and more people from outlying areas. There will be six such racing days during Delaware's first meet (May 29 to July 5) and another six during the second meet (Aug. 21 to Sept. 26).

Delaware Park is a nonprofit corporation, and whatever it makes above its costly expenses goes to Delaware hospitals. So far, profits have hardly put the Irish Sweepstakes to shame, being no more than \$100,000 in any recent year, but Sunday racing should raise that figure. The state of Delaware expects to gain \$1.5 million in taxes once the public begins to go for it big. Other states may then follow suit. The state of Washington has had Sunday racing since 1933 and, more recently, so have Arizona, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Maine and Vermont, as well as Puerto Rico. Dover Downs, a little track not far from Delaware Park, also has it, and Brandywine Raceway, less than an hour's drive from Delaware Park, has Sunday night harness racing.

A patron that first Sunday at Delaware, a well-dressed, well-spoken man watching at the rail, said that although he has no use for trotters and pacers, he went to Brandywine one recent Thursday night and had three winning tickets on the Big Exacts (a complicated racing procedure that encompasses two races). Each ticket was worth \$8,422.80 for \$2. "I knew nothing about those horses," he said, "but I dreamed eight and five, so I bought 12 tickets on eight and five. Then I put three of those winning tickets on a couple of favorites I rather liked the idea of." After they came in, he was approached by enterprising bookies who bought his tickets at a discount, taking a 10¢ on the dollar profit in exchange for the convenience.

"I had so many \$100 bills in my pockets I was scared. Those bookies, they hang around and see you exchanging winning tickets, and then they take them off your hands. They got some way of avoiding the tax man." He did not win the race he was watching but shrugged philosophically and said dreamily: "I guess I go to Brandywine tonight."

END

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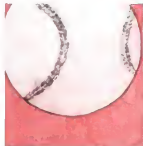


Prospect

Men play out their time—those who are too young and those who have become too old—in the minor leagues. And there, in failure, a man sometimes finds success

by PAT JORDAN

CONTINUED



Woody Huyke blows Banzooka bubbles as he takes quick, peegon-toed steps away from home plate. His shin guards click between his legs and his chest protector rises and falls against his gray-flannel uniforms. His cap is still on backward, and his olive-skinned face is streaked with red dirt and sweat and the light outlines of his catcher's mask. He shakes the hand of a tall, impassive Negro who has just walked in from the pitcher's mound. Huyke says something in Spanish and Silvino Quezada smiles. The Waterbury (Conn.) Pirates' team crowds into the dugout, slapping Huyke and Quezada good-naturedly. A voice calls out, "Nice going, you old goat." The remark could be meant for either man. Together they have played 25 years of professional baseball, and their combined age is near 70. "God only knows how old Quezada is," Huyke will say with a raised eyebrow. "He is ageless. Me, I am a mere boy in comparison." Soon Woody Huyke will be 34.

The rest of his teammates disappear, but the catcher remains in the dugout of the Elmira, N.Y. ball park. The outfield, which is nothing more than intermittent clumps of grass, is bordered by a wooden fence painted with advertisements. On this muggy afternoon there are less than a hundred fans on hand. Directly behind the home-plate screen is a cluster of eight women, the wives of the Elmira players. Throughout the game they have chattered amiably, and now that it is over they do not seem to have noticed. Woody Huyke looks at them and at the few old men sleeping high in the shade of the home-plate stands and at the young boys fooling around in the third-base bleachers and he shakes his head. Then he steps onto the field and says with just a trace of a Spanish accent, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for your applause." He pulls off his cap, sweeps it with a flourish across his chest and bows deeply.

The Waterbury Pirates, a farm team of Pittsburgh, have just won the first game of a two-night doubleheader from the Elmira Royals behind Quezada's four-hit pitching. The victory, a shutout, moves the Pirates into second place in the AA Eastern League.

The team had arrived in town earlier that afternoon after a six-hour bus ride from Waterbury. The players had only

enough time to change into their uniforms at the Mark Twain Hotel and wander conspicuously about the streets of Elmira for a few minutes before rebounding the bus for the drive to the shambling ball park.

During the six-hour ride many of the players tried to sleep. They jacked their knees up into their stomachs, flattened their hands into knuckled pillows and closed their eyes to the pines and lakes of the Hudson Valley flashing by. Between naps players drifted in and out of a pinochle game. Before the ride ended, every man but two would be devoured by the game.

Bruce Kison, a 20-year-old pitcher, had no patience for cards, and he had not traveled on enough charter buses to be able to fold his 6' 4" frame into a cramped seat to sleep. Instead, Kison spent the time reading *The Sporting News*. He bypassed the stories about Tom Seaver and Sam McDowell and turned to the back pages, which told of the accomplishments of minor-leaguers like himself. Kison looked first for news of other Pittsburgh farmhands, specifically pitchers, so that he could see just who stood in his way to Three Rivers Stadium.

Woody Huyke did not sleep or play pinochle either. He had been on too many 28-hour bus rides to be impressed by a mere six-hour jaunt. Nor did he read *The Sporting News*. There was no Pittsburgh farmhand either beneath or above him who could cause him anxiety. Instead, as is his custom, Huyke talked ceaselessly to anyone who would listen and finally, after a few hours, he would talk only to himself. He spoke of his winters in Puerto Rico, where for three months each year he played baseball with some of the most famous major leaguers—Roberto Clemente, Frank Robinson, Orlando Cepeda—men he would never meet during the regular season because he had never played one inning of major league baseball. "I played some beautiful games in Puerto Rico," he said. "The most beautiful was when I hit a single off Juan Pizarro in a championship game. . . . Ah, I would have paid to be part of it." Huyke turned in his seat and glowered Ray Cordero, a balding 32-year-old relief pitcher. "Heh, Rook, you know what it means to play in such a game?" Cordero granted and went back to sleep. "Rookie!" said Huyke in disgust.

Halfway to Elmira the bus stopped at a roadside diner and the team got out to eat. When the bus resumed its journey the players were still grumbling about the greasy food. Huyke, who sat up front, began smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach. "Man, that was a great meal, eh, Rook?" Cordero, an 11-year veteran, said it was the greatest meal he had ever eaten. Huyke nodded emphatically. "I loved it, too," he said. "I love it all." The players began to hoot and swear at Huyke, and someone threw a rolled-up *Sporting News* up front. "Bah!" said Woody. "These kids, what do they know? Always complaining. They don't appreciate the finer things in life, eh, Rook?" He nudged Cordero again. "What they gonna do when they get our age, huh, curl up and die?"

Cordero put his hands over his ears and said softly, "Why don't you shut the hell up, you old goat?"

After catching the first game of the doubleheader Huyke sits down, too tired to unbuckle his shin guards. Steam rises from his face. He is just beginning to be stocky, although he claims that his waist is the same size as when he was a 20-year-old rookie. What he does not admit, however, is that his uniform no longer fits him in the same way. The buttons seem about to explode and his pants fit his calves like an added layer of skin. The constant squatting and standing of his profession have made Huyke's legs round and muscular, like gigantic bottles of Coke. Because of his age, Huyke ordinarily would not catch the second game, but today is an exception. The team's backup catcher is on reserve duty and furthermore, Bruce Kison, the Pirates' talented right hander, will be making his first start after sustaining a sore arm.

Huyke walks down to the left-field bullpen where Kison is warming up. Woody stands behind Bruce and watches him throw. Kison has a small pink face covered with peach fuzz, which makes him look about 15. His teammates call him "Sweetie." Whenever they call him that in shrill, affected tones he will smile, although his face grows noticeably pinker. He is also called, on occasion, "The Stick" because he has the long limbs and small chest of a stick figure. His uniform billows at the waist like a sail and his pants billow at the calf like harem pants. At no point does

his body impose any definition on the uniform he is wearing.

Now with Woody Huyke watching, Bruce is throwing much too hard and rapidly after his layoff. The ball is dipping into the dirt or flying over the head of his catcher, who must repeatedly run back to the fence to retrieve it. After each wild pitch Kison, expressionless, paws the dirt with his spikes, only to throw even harder and more rapidly. He throws with a loose-limbed, sidearm motion somewhat like those great side-arm pitchers Don Drysdale and Ewell Blackwell. It is a motion conducive to sore arms, especially on curveballs. Kison's meteoric rise through the Pirate system was halted two weeks ago by a strained muscle in his right elbow. It was strained on a curveball. This was the first sore arm of his career, and now in the Elmira bullpen Kison is throwing too hard and too rapidly to prove that his arm is no longer sore—and also to punish the arm for having let him down for the first time in his life.

After Kison's sixth wild pitch Huyke relieves the catcher. Kison throws a low fastball. Huyke scoops it expertly out of the dirt, but before returning the ball he says a few words to the previous catcher. The young pitcher takes a deep breath. Huyke returns the ball, and Kison fires it over the catcher's head. Huyke gets up from his crouch and walks slowly back to the fence. He picks up the ball and walks back to the plate and returns the ball to Kison, who by this time has taken three deep breaths. The next pitch is a strike. Huyke walks a few feet toward Kison and shakes the ball in his face. "Atta boy, Bruce. Use your head." Before long Kison is throwing fastball after fastball into Huyke's glove. Finally the catcher calls for a curveball. Kison spins one up cautiously. Huyke calls for another and studies Bruce's face for a sign. A lob. After a few more soft, halfhearted curves, Huyke shrugs and goes back to calling fastballs.

It is not the seriousness of his sore arm that is worrying Kison and the Pirate front office, but the fact that it could be the beginning of an irreversible pattern. Kison knows that if he is still to be considered a prospect he must prove that he will not be a perpetually sore-armed pitcher. That is

why this second game is so important.

The game is also important to Huyke, although not in the same way. He will never play in the major leagues no matter what—he knows that—but if he can contribute to the development of a prospect like Kison, if he can guide the young ballplayer out of this sore arm by making sure he warms up properly, by calling the right pitches, by making Kison twist his elbow a little less strenuously on a curveball, then maybe someday Huyke will have a job in baseball, too.

Elwood Bernard Huyke (pronounced "high key") was born in Santurce, Puerto Rico in 1937. When he turned 18 he wanted to sign a professional contract, but his father convinced him instead to go to college. He enrolled at Inter-Amer-



ican University at San Germán with the hopes of eventually becoming a doctor. In his junior year Huyke batted .408 in the Central American Games in Venezuela. He was offered a number of professional contracts, and finally convinced his father to let him sign with the New York Giants for \$225 a month. When he left for spring training Woody promised his father he would finish school in the off season and become a doctor.

He worked out one month at Artesia, N. Mex. before being given his unconditional release. But Huyke pleaded with the Giant scout every day for a week until the man finally consented to give him a chance at Hastings, Neb. in the Rookie League.

There Huyke played third base and lived in a hotel that charged only a dollar a day and had knotted rope hanging out the window labeled "Fire Escape." Since the ball park had no locker rooms Woody had to dress in the hotel and walk through town in his uniform. When he arrived at Elmira for

the first time and discovered the same conditions he said, "I thought those days were behind me."

In 1959 Huyke had one of the best hitting years of his career. He batted .311. "I thought I could hit anyone," he says. "I don't know what happened along the way, but after 12 years I don't hit so good anymore."

Huyke was assigned to Monterrey in the Mexican League in 1960. The first road trip consisted of a 28-hour bus ride to Tulsa in 110° heat. Another time, the team arrived in a town at 7 a.m. after an overnight trip, and the manager drove directly to the ball park for a workout. There were cities where the players stayed at YMCAs, sleeping on mattresses in the halls to keep cool.

Despite such conditions Woody was batting .296 at Monterrey three days before he was slated to play in the league's All-Star Game. Then he suffered the first of a series of injuries—a broken finger—that would hamper his career for the next 10 years.

The following season Huyke played for the Shreveport, La. and Portsmouth, Va. clubs. He batted .307 at Portsmouth and was looking forward to the 1962 season when he was drafted into the Army. He returned to baseball in the spring of 1963 when the Athletics invited him to their major league camp to help catch batting practice. In three weeks Woody got into only one game, against the Dodgers. He went 3 for 4 off Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax and Ron Ferraro.

"When it came to batting, I thought I could hit anyone," he says. "It was the confidence of youth, I guess. I didn't know any better."

On being shipped to the minor league camp, Huyke was immediately converted into a catcher, which he hated. "All day long they fired balls out of a machine at my shins. But I was too afraid to complain. Eventually I realized I would have a better chance making it as a catcher, and then I actually began to enjoy it."

Huyke started that year at Lewiston, Idaho in the Class B Northwest League. He was hitting .317 in midseason when he was handed a plane ticket and told to fly directly to Binghamton, N.Y. "It seems like a little thing, flying," he says, "but by then I had taken so many trains and buses I felt the organization had

continued

Prospect

continued



no interest in me. Now that they wanted me to fly I felt they must consider me a worthy prospect."

Huyke caught his first game with Birmingham and broke a toe on a foul tip. When he returned to the lineup a month later he promptly hit two home runs. The next week, however, he caught a foul tip on his throwing hand and broke a finger. He was through for the season. The farm director convinced him to play in the Winter Instructional League in Florida. "He said that it would be my big chance to make the majors," says Huyke. "It was the turning point of my career, all right. I threw out my arm one day, and I have never been a prospect since. I was so ashamed at having another injury that I didn't tell the manager. But it was so bad I couldn't even reach the pitcher. The fans used to laugh at me. It was a terrible thing for my pride. Finally the club found out and told me to go home."

In 1964 Huyke was sent to Dallas, where his contract called for him to stay for at least 30 days. After a week he was sent to Birmingham. He couldn't understand why until he was told that Birmingham needed someone to help out with the Spanish and black players who were finding life very rough in the South.

"At first it didn't dawn on me that they were using me as an organization man," says Huyke. "In my own mind I still thought I was a prospect. But it didn't take long. Ever since then I've been too ashamed to ask the front office for a raise no matter what I hit. I

have always felt I owed them something for just keeping me each year. After all, I was 27 years old, and they had decided I would never make the majors. Now I realize they were complimenting me by telling me I had other talents besides natural ones. The things I had would never leave me. Lots of guys don't have the temperament or intelligence to be organization men. It makes me feel good to know I can adapt to the facts of life. But at Birmingham in 1964 I thought, like all kids do, that there was no sense playing baseball unless you had a chance to make the bigs. I wonder why I didn't quit. Who knows? Maybe I thought I could prove I was still a prospect. Foolish! But I love baseball too much now ever to quit. I am always grouchy when I don't have a uniform on. I even get imaginary pains. These days just going to any ball park will do. For the home games, I always arrive three hours early and get right into my uniform. It's like a pair of pajamas to me. When I have the uniform on I relax. I guess to be like me you have to be born this way, huh?"

Bruce Kison finishes his pregame warm-up and he and Huyke walk back to the dugout as the Elmira Royals take the field. In the dugout Bruce dries his face with a towel and Woody gets a Darvon pill from the Pirate trainer and a fresh supply of Bazooka bubble gum. The gum is to keep his mouth moist and the Darvon is to kill any pain he feels in his chronically sore arm. He has taken a

Darvon every playing day since 1964.

It is 8 p.m., twilight and considerably cooler, when Huyke trots out to catch Kison's first warmup pitch in the bottom of the first inning. There is a loud click and the lights go on around the park. A female voice behind the visitors' dugout says, "Look at that pitcher! My oh my, he looks so young."

Bruce Kison was born in 1950 in Pasco, Wash., a rich farming community near the Columbia River. By the time he was 12 he had developed into a fine pitcher, having hurled several no-hitters in Little League. "Like a million other kids," he says, "In one of those games I struck out 15 batters in five innings, and ever since, the possibility that someday I might pitch a perfect game has always been in my head when I take the mound. I dream of games when I strike out every batter I face on three straight pitches—but I guess that is every pitcher's dream, isn't it?"

After hurling three no-hitters in his senior year of high school Bruce was drafted by the Pirates (not very high) and signed to what he calls "a sizable bonus, although I'd rather not say how much." Before he signed, however, he made the Pirates promise to let him finish his spring semester of college each year before joining a club. "I wanted to make sure I finished college," he says. "So many guys drop out and are left with nothing. I was determined that wouldn't happen to me."

After signing, Bruce enrolled at Columbia Basin Junior College as a history major and then was sent to Bradenton in the Rookie Gulf Coast League. When he arrived he found "a hundred guys running around in Pittsburgh uniforms. We had 30 pitchers, and there were supposed to be just 15 by the end of the season. It was like a pressure cooker, everyone trying to cut each other's throat. You would make friends with a guy, and the next day he would be gone. You wondered when it would be your turn. You learn to evaluate yourself and your talent honestly, and in the process you grow up. I was one of the 15 pitchers left at the end."

Bruce posted a 2-1 record and a 2.25 ERA in 10 games, nine of them as a reliever. "When I got back to Pasco," he says, "I thought I was quite the stud. I told everyone I was going to give baseball three years and then quit if I wasn't

continued

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Prospect

CONTINUED

at the top. Now I've already been in two years, and if I work myself up into Triple A the next few years, I probably will find it hard to leave. Maybe I'll stick it out five years. But I definitely won't stay in as long as Woody. I'll finish college first. This baseball is a nice game and all, but not in the minor leagues."

Kison moved up from the Pirates' Class A team at Salem, Va. to Waterbury in June. After he had watched a few Eastern League games Bruce decided that it wasn't a very tough league after all. "Any good high school pitcher can win here," he said. He was as good as his word. He hurled back-to-back two-hitters in his first two starts.

"I no longer worry about being released," he says. "I know I'm established. Now all I worry about is how soon I will get to Pittsburgh. Our farm director, Harding Peterson, said I was one of their top prospects, but you can't rely on that stuff. They are never straight with you."

Harding Peterson arrived in Waterbury shortly before the trip to Elmira. He had sat in the dugout, immaculately dressed and motionless, staring through dark glasses at the players performing before his eyes. "We usually let young pitchers build their confidence in the lower leagues," he said, "but Bruce Kison already has his. We would like to hurry him along to Pittsburgh. That's why I am here, to talk him into playing in Florida. But whenever we ask him to do things like that he has a thousand questions. Other guys will stammer and hesitate, but in the end you get them to do what you want. But not Bruce. He plans ahead."

Peterson did not hide the fact that he no longer considered Woody Huyke a prospect. "We drafted Woody from Oakland because he is a fine, intelligent fellow with a reputation for getting along with people," Peterson said. "His job is to work closely with the manager in bringing along kids. He is an excellent liaison man between the front office and the Latins. Huyke has never made any money in this game, so I told him if things work out there might be a job for him one day as a coach. But I have never promoted anything. We still have some use for him as a player."

The Waterbury Pirates take the field in the bottom of the first. Huyke tells Kison to let him know if the arm bothers

CONTINUED

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Prospect

continued

him. Kison nods, though he is thinking he will not say a word unless the pain becomes unbearable. Kison's first pitch is a strike. Huyke returns the ball, and the pitcher looks for the next sign. He fires another fastball past the Elmira batter for a strike. After two wasted fastballs Kison strikes out the batter with a fifth fastball.

On the mound Kison does not look so young or awkward anymore. His pitching motion is spare and quick. It is distilled of all impurities and his thinking is concentrated like a point of light. He throws each pitch from the same side-armed angle, with the same speed of delivery and with the same amount of time taken between each pitch. He gets his sign, delivers and waits in his follow-through until the ball is returned. Then he turns, takes two steps back to the rubber, turns again and repeats the process. He never, for effect, rubs up a baseball, wipes sweat from his brow or turns to contemplate the center-field flagpole. His face shows neither self-satisfaction after a good pitch nor anger after a poor one. He seems to have no self-conscious desire to call attention to himself as do most young pitchers.

Many inexperienced pitchers have

speedy deliveries such as Kison's. Usually such deliveries mask their fear and ignorance of their craft, as if just by moving quickly through all the motions they define themselves as pitchers without having to impose their will on such motions. Kison's movements, however, are quick and consistent, not because he is defined by them but vice versa. He has neither to slow nor vary them, just as a finely tuned watch has neither to slow nor vary its workings.

The second batter goes to a full count before he lines out to center field. Kison is no longer throwing as hard and recklessly as he was in the bullpen. When Huyke calls for a curveball, Kison shakes him off.

"I've never had a sore arm in my life," Kison had said earlier. "When I hurt it, I was more confused than worried. I did not tell anyone and took my next turn. I walked eight guys in three innings, and when the manager, Red Davis, found out the reason, he was frantic. He yanked me right out. He was afraid if anything happened to me it would affect his career. If I were an older pitcher, like Quezada or Cordero, say, the manager could take chances and no one would care. If my arm

doesn't come around soon, I will quit."

Kison retires his third batter on another well-hit ball and walks off the mound. Red Davis, who was smoking a cigarette on the top step of the dugout, goes quickly over to Huyke, who is waiting for him near home plate. "Woody can be heard saying, 'I think it's sore.' Red Davis' head bobs up and down nervously and then he trots out to his third-base coach's box.

John Humphrey (Red) Davis has the sharp features and slack skin of a man who has lost too much weight too quickly. His fingers are permanently stained with the nicotine of a thousand double-bleders. After 35 years in minor league baseball (he is 55) Davis has acquired an assortment of twitches and abortive gestures that give him the appearance not of a former athlete but of some aged drummer who has stopped too often at Greenville and Mayfield and Corpus Christi.

He has managed 23 consecutive years in the minor leagues, as low as Class D and as high as AAA. And yet in none of those leagues has his front office ever given him complete authority over certain of his players. For instance, Davis had decided to pitch Kison in Waterbury's last home game, to try his arm then, but after conferring with Harding Peterson, Davis postponed Bruce's start until the Elmira trip.

"Bruce is a fragile piece of property," says Davis. "If he gets hurt it will be my fault. If he were an organization man I could take a chance. Often that is the only reason they have a job in the first place, because we can do things with them that we would never do with a prospect. This makes it easier on them, too, because they know they are not getting paid for batting averages or ERAs. If Huyke is hitting .230 it does not bother him. He knows he helps the team in other ways. If an organization man has any personal success it is reflected in the team's success. That is why I would rather have eight organization men on the field any day. They take the pressure off a manager while prospects definitely put it on. And the older men are usually better all-around ballplayers, which makes you wonder why they never made it. Maybe they never got the breaks. Who is to say."

Davis became a minor league manager in 1949. The year before, he had man-

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Prospect

continued

ried Estelle Nicholas of Dallas, a girl he met along the way. Since her marriage, Estelle Nicholas Davis has lived in more than 15 cities from Oregon to Connecticut while waiting for her husband to be offered the major league job that has never come. Like so many baseball wives, Mrs. Davis finds it impossible after so many seasons to let her conversation stray far from talk of her husband's profession. One night after a home game, she stood in the darkened runway underneath the Waterbury stands, waiting for her husband to emerge from the locker room. At close to midnight, only a few scouts and three players' wives remained. Mrs. Davis smiled at the three wives and continued her conversation with a friend who was keeping her company, a tall, tweedy man, ex-major-leaguer Buddy Kerr.

"Oh, yes," she was saying in a Blanche DuBois voice, "I root for all of Red's old boys. I've rooted for McCovey and little Marichal ever since Red had them." After a while Mrs. Davis asked, "Did you notice the crowd tonight? Do you think they'll draw here? I do hope they draw, or else they'll have to pack up and move elsewhere." When her husband emerged from the locker room Estelle Davis took his arm, said good night to Buddy Kerr and the three wives and left the ball park.

Of the players' wives, one was a heavily-made-up blonde clutching a gray toy poodle, another was a well-built brunette in a lavender pants suit and the third was a slender, athletic-looking girl in a plain green dress. The blonde and the brunette were in their early 20s and the athletic-looking girl close to 30, although she actually appeared younger than the others because of her short, boyish haircut and because she wore no cosmetics to mar her fine straight features. The blonde and the brunette were talking animatedly to each other about the poodle, whom they referred to as "Baby" and who seemed quite used to being the topic of conversation. The girl in the green dress said little. She stood slightly apart from the others and only smiled faintly now and then, as if she were used to her role—the third person in a two-party conversation. Not only did it appear not to cause her any discomfort, it seemed actually much to her preference. Three years ago the girl in green had become Mrs. Elwood Bernard Huyke, and in that short span she had

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Prospect

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adjusted nicely to being the wife of a perennial minor league player.

"A baseball wife is very important to an organization man's career," Huyke once said. "They can make life miserable if they are always nagging him to quit. But my wife and I are very compatible. She encourages me to play. I knew I would stay in baseball all my life; I explained to her before we were married that baseball was everything to me. She accepted that."

When Ann Marie Huyke was 12 and combining wheat on her father's farm in Gardner, N. Dak., she used to dream of marrying an athlete. She was tall and slim even then, and in a small town she naturally gravitated to sports, and to basketball in particular. Often she competed against the boys on equal terms, and she played on a girls' high school team that won the state championship three years. "All through high school I only dated athletes," she says. "I was sure I would marry someone athletically inclined. After college I worked as a bank teller in Fargo."

One winter Ann Marie took her first real vacation, flying to Puerto Rico. Almost the first thing she did in San Juan was to board a bus for an hour's ride to Arecibo to watch a Winter League game. She met Woody Huyke that day, and they were married two years later.

"I don't mind the traveling much after living in Fargo and Gardner most of my life," she says. "I admit, though that I still carry a picture of the house I would like to settle down in someday. But I have nothing to be disappointed about. I knew what Woody was when I married him. He made that perfectly clear. But sometimes it's difficult to explain it to others. To the wives of prospects, for instance. They are always making comments about when their husbands get to Pittsburgh. When they talk like that, what am I supposed to say? You hate to have people think you do not have faith in your husband just because you know he will never make the majors. But you have to salt your inner feelings with an honest evaluation of what he is. People are always asking me when he is going back to college. I know what they are hinting at, it's certainly obvious, but I just give them a blank look. I would like to say, 'Look, my husband could have been a doctor but he gave it all up to play baseball. This is what he loves. It's his job, and

one day he is going to fade into another position in baseball and that is all there is to it." But I never do."

In the bottom of the second inning Bruce Kison walks the first batter, retires two and then gives up a single. The single comes off a slow, hanging curve ball. After the pitch Huyke walks halfway out to the mound and tells Kison to "put something on the damn ball." Red Davis has again moved to the top step of the dugout. He says something to Huyke as he gets down in his crouch. Woody nods. Davis turns immediately to the bullpen and signals for Cordero to begin throwing.

Kison throws all fastballs to the next batter and gets him to hit a grounder to second base. As the second baseman fields the ball, it rolls off his glove and back into the dirt. Bases loaded. Kison works the next batter to 2 and 2. A hard, sharp curveball that the batter hits for a soft fly retires the side. As he walks off the mound there is a faint smile on Bruce Kison's lips.

In the third inning he gets two outs on fastballs and one on a hard curve. In the fourth he cuts loose on fastballs and curves and strikes out all three batters. He is throwing considerably harder, mixing almost an equal number of fastballs and curves on each batter. After each strike Huyke bounces out of his crouch, fires the ball back and shouts encouragement. After the third strikeout the catcher remarks out loud, to no one in particular, "That kid is throwing some kind of heat."

Huyke walks over and sits down on a small chair outside the dugout as is his custom. It is even cooler now, and he wraps his hand in a towel. "My fingers get numb," Woody explains, holding up his throwing hand. The fingers are fat and discolored. The blood vessels have been broken so many times and the circulation is poor. Huyke tries to warm the hand. Sitting there, he seems only partially occupied with the scoreless game in progress. He turns often to talk with the fans and seems particularly amused by a very fat woman with whom he has been carrying on a running dialogue each half-inning. The woman has neatly lined up 10 empty beer containers on the dugout roof in front of her.

"Hey, cute, talk to me some more," the woman says to Huyke. He shakes

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Prospect

continued

his head and laughs. "Isn't he a cute one," the woman says.

"You know, you remind me of Buddy Hackett," Huyke says. He turns to the other fans. "Really, doesn't she look like Buddy Hackett?" Everyone, including the woman, laughs.

"It is part of my job to be nice to fans," says Huyke. "If they like you, they come to see you play. When I was young like Bruce I was too embarrassed to talk to them, but as an organization man I had to learn otherwise. I had to learn a lot of new things.

"When I was young I never understood the things that happened to me, but now I know where I am and where I am going and what I have to do to get there. I have no concerns. The only complaint I have in this league is that some of the parks are bad; take Pawtucket, R.I., there they have terrible lights. You can get damaged for life under bad lights. When you are young, who worries about playing conditions? And if you get hurt, the organization takes care of you. If you are older and you get hurt and can't play, maybe you don't have a job anymore."

Kison retires the side in the fifth, but in the sixth he gives up two singles with one out. He gets the fourth batter to pop out to third base and then he fires two quick strikes past the potential third out. Huyke crouches behind the right-handed batter and sticks two fingers beneath his glove. Kison flicks his glove fingers. Huyke responds with one finger and Kison nods slightly. Woody then hunches over the outside corner, but before he can set himself Kison flicks his glove again. Huyke shifts to the inside corner and places his glove at a level with the batter's knees. Again Kison flicks his glove. The catcher raises his target until it rests inches from the batter's chin. Kison goes into his motion and fires a fast-ball directly at the spot where the batter's head would have been if he had not fallen to the dirt. The count is now 1 and 2.

"Woody does not like to call for knockdowns," says Kison. "He knows a lot of these guys and he is afraid I might hurt someone. That doesn't bother me. I hit seven guys in one game, and we won it. I can't afford to feel like him or I will never get anywhere. I always thought the older guys would be tougher but they are more conscious of injuries than anyone. How can they ever expect to get anywhere unless

they take chances? But I guess they have to protect themselves because they don't have anything else. There are three or four directions my life can take outside of baseball. I can play it a little looser as long as I keep those possibilities open."

With the bases loaded and the count 1 and 2 Kison throws, and again the batter, who has hunched slightly forward in expectation of a curveball, hits the dirt. This time he does not get up so quickly. He looks back at Huyke and then out to the mound, as if some rule has just been broken and he had not been informed.

With the count 2 and 2 Kison goes into his motion. The ball is headed for the batter's body, waist high, and he jerks his hips away from the plate just as the ball breaks sharply over the outside corner for a called third strike. The batter stands flat-footed as Huyke rolls the ball out to the mound which has just been vacated by Kison. Huyke shakes his head and says, "Man, that Bruce is too tough for me. But I like him. He battles. He only gets bad when a few guys hit him, I told him he can't pitch a perfect game all the time. He says he knows it, but then, two hits and he wants to throw at everybody. He has never seen a guy's career ruined by a baseball. I have. It is a terrible thing. But he is learning to control himself, and now when he throws at someone it isn't to get even, it is because he has an idea. That's what makes him different from most guys. He is smarter."

"I get along good with all the older players," says Kison, "although I don't let myself get too close because you never know when you will have to push one of them for a job. I respect Woody most of all. He has helped me a lot. But I still cannot understand what he is doing here when he could be a doctor. I don't have much to say to his wife or the others, either. I mean, what am I supposed to say? I can't understand why they are here. And the fans? They are something else, I don't bother with them at all. Guys like Woody are nice because they want some friends if they ever have to come back. I don't plan on ever coming back to Waterbury. . . ."

In the top of the seventh, in a still scoreless game, Huyke steps into the batter's box with the bases loaded. He chokes up on his thick-handled bat and hunches over the plate. His feet are close together

continued



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Prospect

continued

and his swing is nothing more than a little push emanating from his chest outward. Twelve years ago at Hastings he stood spread-legged, his heavy bat cocked far back from his right shoulder.

Woody works the pitcher to a 3-2 count and then fouls off three straight pitches. He is thinking that if only he can foul off enough balls the pitcher will walk him and force in the winning run. But the pitcher throws another strike, and Woody hits a high foul ball to the catcher. Without even waiting to see if it is caught, he walks back to the dugout and begins buckling on his shin guards. The ball is caught and the side is retired.

"Man, one of these days I'm gonna kill a cloud," he says. "I don't understand it. I read some of Ted Williams' book, and he said swing up, I swing up, but nothing." He is smiling as he grabs his mask. "Maybe it is because I am not Ted Williams, eh? You think that could be it?"

With two out in the bottom of the seventh, an Elmira batter lays down a perfect bunt. Huyke pounces on the ball and throws him out. Then he hands the bat to the Elmira hot boy and walks back to his dugout. "Extra innings," he says. "We're gonna get them now. I can feel it. Man, I love this. What else could I do that I love so much? This is a beautiful game."

In the top of the eighth inning of this scheduled seven-inning game, Woody Huyke's prophecy is fulfilled. The Pirates score the first run of the game, and in the Elmira eighth Bruce Kison retires three batters on seven pitches to preserve his fifth victory of the year against four losses. As he walks off the mound he meets Huyke at the dugout and they shake hands, Woody says, "Bruce, I had a dream I would catch two shutouts today. No kidding? I dreamt it last night."

• The Waterbury Pirates won the Eastern League championship in 1970, and much of the credit went to Bruce Kison, who won all his starts after the Elmira game and finished the season with a 10-4 record and a 2.28 ERA—which is ironic because those were the same numbers as Woody Huyke's batting average, .228. In 1971 Kison is playing for the Pirates' top minor-league club, Charleston (W. Va.). He has started the season well, winning five out of six. Woody Huyke remains in Waterbury.

END

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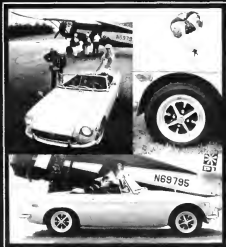
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Happy Days at the Fair

June 21 - June 25

Clowns! Calliopes! Cotton candy! Games! Prizes! A real down-home country fair every day this week at the Wrigley Building. Test your skill at darts... throwing baseballs... tossing rings. Winners get a unique Happy Day key chain. But there's even more. Some lucky person will win a Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch each day at the Fair. And when you open or add to a National Boulevard savings account this week with \$200 or more, you'll get a record featuring two versions of the catchy Happy Day song.

Happy Days at the Beach

June 26 - July 2

Another noon hour extravaganza in front of the Wrigley Building, celebrating those Happy Days at the Beach. Your Father's Mustache Banjo Band will brighten your day with lively, carefree melodies and if that doesn't work, ogle the bikini-clad beauties who will be giving away chances to win the daily Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch. Your free gift this week when you open or add to a National Boulevard Bank savings account with \$200 or more is a colorful, distinctive 3' x 5' Happy Day beach towel.

Happy Days Around the Nation

July 6 - July 9

See America First! And during Happy Days Around the Nation, browse through the Vacationland booths that will give you travel information and maps of many of the popular and scenic vacation areas in the U.S. Barbershop quartets will be on hand to serenade you at noon and Uncle Sam will be giving away chances to win the daily Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch. And those who open or add to a National Boulevard savings account with \$200 or more this week will receive a free Happy Day Road Atlas.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AMPOBACING—Alonso's **AL UNSER** followed up his July 2001 victory with a narrow win over teammate Joe Leonard in the Rex May's 300 at Milwaukee.

BARRETTBALL—If **BILL SHARMAN** brought a friend-ship to the Stars, moved from Los Angeles to Utah, he may now be able to use the other half. Sharmen is a prize candidate to coach the Los Angeles Lakers, replacing **JOE MULLIN** who was removed. The Stars, ABA champions, have filed suit against Sharmen for \$1 million, alleging that he would break his contract.

BOATING—To end an America's Cup impasse, the New York Yacht Club named the *Rena* Tackett. Yacht Club of England an challenger—regard for the new series and proposed it from 1971 to 1974. The Britain will conduct a five-year trial of Newport between their country and over 12-meter each from France, Australia and Canada.

BOXING—**JOE NAPOLIS** won an eighth-round knockout over welterweight champion Billy Backus to regain his world title (over 27).

Light heavyweight **VICENTE PAUL RONDON** of Venezuela knocked out Peter Del Rio of Cuba at 2:40 of the first round of a 15-round fight in Caracas, Venezuela to retain the WBA's Boxing Association version of the championship.

CHESS—**BOBBY FISCHER** of the U.S. completed his series with Mark Tananov of the Soviet Union by taking his sixth straight game. Fischer won ninth **WELT** (L'Union 5 of Denmark, who earlier defeated Wolfgang Uhlmann of East Germany 5½-3½). In other games, Fischer led to a world title challenge. **TIGRAN PETROSIAN** of the U.S.S.R. had already defeated Robert Hubner of West Germany when Hubner defeated world leading 4-1, and Russian **VIKTOR KORCHIN** beat his continental Yekim Geller 5½-2½.

DOLF—**GARDNER DICKINSON**, 43-year-old star pitcher, suffered a sudden death played in the first, fifth and tenth Atlanta Kent Claver to take the \$25,000 and prize from Jack Nicklaus. Nicklaus and Dickinson were tied in 13 under par at the end of regulation play and Nicklaus bogeyed the first extra hole by missing a 35-foot putt. Dickinson pulled the hole.

KATHY WHITWORTH won her fourth Lady Carling Open with a record-breaking par 71B six strokes ahead of Jane Blalock on the Pine Ridge Municipal course in Baltimore. Margo Mauter and Mary Miller tied for third. It was the 57th Carling victory for Miss Whitworth, the alternate winner, money winner. She ended three win-less seasons.

STIVE MELNYK, junior U.S. amateur champion, defeated Jim Sattum 2 and 0 in the 16-hole final to become the first American since 1963 to win the British Amateur, at Carnoustie, Scotland (over 67).

GYMNASTICS—Favorite **YOSHIAKI TAKI** of Japan, twice an AAI all-around champion, took only one first place—in the parallel bars—at the World Cup championships at Maastricht for a poor seventh place. Japan national team captain **PIETER ROHMINK** won the overall men's title. **KATHY RICEY** of Long Beach, Calif. won gold medal in balance-beams, vaulting, floor exercise and uneven parallel bars, for an unprecedented total of 16.35 of a possible 60.

HANDBALL—**LAVERNE HANOVER**, 44, 2nd and Ram Customer gave the Bils. Hargrove Stabile a one-two finish in the 100,000 Marlin Tournament International at New York's Yankee Raceway. The veteran Georgia Sholly drove the winner in a 2½-length margin over the Hargrove-driven Ram Customer.

AL RATHBORN (52-80) won his third straight stakes with a 2½-length victory in the \$10,000 Battle of the Brandywine at Wilmington, Del. Sholly's Dancer drove the winner in ahead of Nantamond and Dancer.

HORSE RACING—A record crowd of 48,075, who had come to see Calumet II go for the Triple Crown, witnessed the surprise victory of **PASS CATCHER** (571) in the \$107,000 Belmont Stakes. Bidden by Walter Hare, he crossed the finish line three-quarters of a length ahead of Jim French, with bold Russian next and the Venezuelan horse fourth (over 44).

TENNIS (**AT** 2000 of the Hoboken Fair, the "wreck" part of a one-hour race), won the \$12,000 Metropolitan Mile at Belmont Park, leaving Preakness by a nose.

BOLD REASONING (54) captured the \$14,400 Juv. Derby at Garden State Park by half a length over Fan Catcher. Two The Ace was third, Eastern Host fourth.

AMERICAN-BRED MILL RIFLE, owned by Fred McKim came out of the pack in the final furlong to win the 1974 running of the Long Island, two lengths ahead of an English colt, London Town France's Irish Bull finished third.

LACROSSE—**CORNELL** turned back Maryland 12-6 in the inaugural NCAA championship at Hedden Stadium on Long Island (over 57). Al Beamer scored six goals for the Big Red, and George Bob Buchanan made 22 saves.

TEENIE—**EVONNE GOOLAGONG**, the 19-year-old Australian prodigy, defeated Helen Gourlay of Australia, 4-3, 1-5 for the French Cup crown in Paris. Miss Goolagong is the first woman to win the French title on her first attempt. She had the National Cup in 1973. The even victory—putting up to **JAN KODER** of Czechoslovakia, for the second consecutive year. 4-6, 3-5, 2-6, 7-5. **GAIL CHANBREAU** of France took the doubles title—also a record victory—from Miss Gourlay and Kerry Harris of Australia, 4-4, 4-1. Arthur Aspin and Mary Rowson beat Teal Gossman and Susan Smith 4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 4-4, 11-9.

TRACK & FIELD—**NORMA KINNUNEN** of Finland threw the javelin 282 feet in the Kentucky Games in Berkeley, Calif.—the longest throw in the world this year. **DORIS BROWN** of Seattle set an American all record of 4-4.1 in the mile in the Northwest Women's AAI meet in Tacoma, Wash.

WILDFIETS—**APPOINTED** As head coach of the Philadelphia Flyers of the National Hockey League, **FRED SHERR**, a veteran minor league coach, to replace Vic Stasiuk.

MARY HANSHAM, head basketball coach at Washington State University, to the same post at the University of Washington, the second. Left in interim, who left to coach the NBA's San Diego Rockets.

DISCIPLINED **DAVE HILL** by the PGA Tournament Players Division, which placed him on probation for one year. Hill was fined \$5,000 for "conduct unbecoming a professional golfer" and responded by firing suit against the PGA. His punishment may last much longer, but further incidents could bar him from tournament play.

RETIRED **D. BAILEY HOWELL**, 12-year pro basketball player, with a career of 347 points per game. Howell, from Mississippi State, broke up with the NBA with the Detroit Pistons and afterward played for Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia.

PERSONALITY, the 1970 1-year-old thoroughbred champion, who last year won the Wood Memorial, Preakness, Jersey Derby, Jim Dandy and Whirlaway. He will go to stud at Gateway Farm in Lexington, Ky.

SCHIEDER, A 12-round fight between **MUHAMMAD ALI**, former heavyweight champion, and **JIMMY ELLIS**, former World Heavy Association champion, on July 28 in the Astrodome.

CREDITS

18-19-Judy Cotte, editor; 19-20-Judy Cotte, 20-21-Judy Cotte, 21-22-Judy Cotte, 22-23-Judy Cotte, 23-24-Judy Cotte, 24-25-Judy Cotte, 25-26-Judy Cotte, 26-27-Judy Cotte, 27-28-Judy Cotte, 28-29-Judy Cotte, 29-30-Judy Cotte, 30-31-Judy Cotte, 31-32-Judy Cotte, 32-33-Judy Cotte, 33-34-Judy Cotte, 34-35-Judy Cotte, 35-36-Judy Cotte, 36-37-Judy Cotte, 37-38-Judy Cotte, 38-39-Judy Cotte, 39-40-Judy Cotte, 40-41-Judy Cotte, 41-42-Judy Cotte, 42-43-Judy Cotte, 43-44-Judy Cotte, 44-45-Judy Cotte, 45-46-Judy Cotte, 46-47-Judy Cotte, 47-48-Judy Cotte, 48-49-Judy Cotte, 49-50-Judy Cotte, 50-51-Judy Cotte, 51-52-Judy Cotte, 52-53-Judy Cotte, 53-54-Judy Cotte, 54-55-Judy Cotte, 55-56-Judy Cotte, 56-57-Judy Cotte, 57-58-Judy Cotte, 58-59-Judy Cotte, 59-60-Judy Cotte, 60-61-Judy Cotte, 61-62-Judy Cotte, 62-63-Judy Cotte, 63-64-Judy Cotte, 64-65-Judy Cotte, 65-66-Judy Cotte, 66-67-Judy Cotte, 67-68-Judy Cotte, 68-69-Judy Cotte, 69-70-Judy Cotte, 70-71-Judy Cotte, 71-72-Judy Cotte, 72-73-Judy Cotte, 73-74-Judy Cotte, 74-75-Judy Cotte, 75-76-Judy Cotte, 76-77-Judy Cotte, 77-78-Judy Cotte, 78-79-Judy Cotte, 79-80-Judy Cotte, 80-81-Judy Cotte, 81-82-Judy Cotte, 82-83-Judy Cotte, 83-84-Judy Cotte, 84-85-Judy Cotte, 85-86-Judy Cotte, 86-87-Judy Cotte, 87-88-Judy Cotte, 88-89-Judy Cotte, 89-90-Judy Cotte, 90-91-Judy Cotte, 91-92-Judy Cotte, 92-93-Judy Cotte, 93-94-Judy Cotte, 94-95-Judy Cotte, 95-96-Judy Cotte, 96-97-Judy Cotte, 97-98-Judy Cotte, 98-99-Judy Cotte, 99-100-Judy Cotte.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GARY ADLER, 18-year-old first baseman for Corky's Outdoor Advertising "A" Land team in Miami, caught a line drive with men on first and second, stepped on first, then ran to touch second before the runner returned, for an unattended triple play.



DOUG MILLER, quarterback for Poly Prep Country Day School in Brooklyn, traded a pigskin for pawns in the off season and won seven of eight matches to win the national division of the National High School Chess Championships—his first tournament.



TODD LATHERSEN, an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Oregon, waited in 40.4 on the stopwatch at the Pacific Light meet in Seattle for a world age-group record. Lathersen, previously a miler and half-miler, ran his first stopwatch earlier this year.



HUBERT RUTLAND III, 13-year-old Junior College member of the eighth annual Clyde Trophy Junior Invitational Handicap Regatta sponsored by Scotland's Royal Clyde Yacht Club. Sailing a Thistle class sloop, he had a first, two seconds and a fourth.



ROBIN STEDEKER, 16-year-old senior at Westchester, Colo. won the all-round title at the state high school games—first in the state floor exercise and parallel bars, a second in long horse and side horse, a third in still rope, and a fourth on the horizontal bar.



STEVE BAIRD of Short Hills, N.J., a junior at Beckwith who never played tennis in high school, was unbeaten in 14 matches this season as the Beant's No. 1 player. In two years of competition, Baird is 27-1 in singles, 22-1 in doubles, and has a 16-match win streak.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROCKET

Sirs:

Hats off to SI and John Underwood for his in-depth study of one of sport's truly remarkable individuals, Rod Laver (*Rocket Heard Round the World*, May 31). Few athletes in the history of sport have demonstrated such skill or, indeed, dominated their field as has Laver. Rod has shown that hard work, desire and superb concentration can overcome all obstacles.

PETER W. CARVALHO

Williamsville, N.Y.

Sirs:

John Underwood's *Rocket Heard Round the World* just has to be the greatest piece of tennis reporting ever. The substance of the man and the spirit of the game are rarely put together in such graphs, fiction.

LAURENCE L. HILLIARD

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sirs:

Great. That's the only word to describe John Underwood's article on Rod Laver. Laver's brilliant play is second to none and recognition of this fact is certainly due. Tennis is such a publicity-starved sport, the Laver Legend is hardly known. Thanks for making the Rocket heard.

KEVIN M. PATES

St. Paul

THE HOT ONES

Sirs:

After reading three outstanding articles on baseball, *Curious Up on a Mud New Act* (April 19), *Tightening-Up at 'The Few'* (May 24) and *Off to a Sizzling Start* (May 31), I have come to the conclusion that the Boston Red Sox are the team to watch.

We don't need new uniforms or 20 different dyes (hat, ball or helmet) to draw the nearly two million fans we do every year. We've proven that we can at least play to a standoff with the now nervous Birds and that Sonny Siebert can beat Vida Blue. Having gone to that game on May 28, I was very much impressed with Blue, but I guess the final score is what counts. And if Earl Weaver should be reading this now, I would like to inform him that while he can't seem to beat Dick Williams and his A's, we can. I guess that's characteristic of a division-winning team.

INGRID SCHMITZ

Boston

Sirs:

Roy Blount's article *Off to a Sizzling Start* was truly impressive. But as a home-town fan, I must stick up for my home-town team. Ralph Garr is a fine ballplayer and will be

burning up the base paths for quite a while. But you have failed to mention that he is not eligible for Rookie of the Year. Which leaves the question: Who is the hottest rookie in the National League?

Here are a few clues. He is a Philadelphia Phillie. He was batting over .300, has made the most thrilling outfield catches and has been wearing out Philadelphia Phil and Phillies.

Give up? It is Willie Montaner, Richie Allen's replacement as Philadelphia's long-cu-ball hitter. Unlike Allen, however, Willie is never booed. In fact, when he comes to bat, The Vet (Veterans Stadium) goes wild.

MARK FINER

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Having subscribed to your magazine for the past five years, I look at it as the most accurate and precise sports magazine on the market. But Roy Blount failed to mention the best bet for baseball's next superstar, Bobby Bonds. His rare combination of speed and power go unmatched in baseball. He may strike out a lot, but I recall that he had 200 hits last year. A leadoff man is supposed to score runs, and Bonds is among the leaders in the NL this season.

MIKE CHAPTER

Superior, Wis.

ABA POWER

Sirs:

I really enjoyed Peter Carry's pro basketball analysis (*Meanwhile, Back at the Merge*, May 24). He made some interesting observations on the status of the two leagues, but I think he made a mistake by underestimating the power of the ABA. The ABA teams have a wide variety of established veterans and a great many top-notch rookies. The only spot on the court where the NBA has the advantage is inside, and that's it.

Another thing the fans want is an ABA-NBA championship. The Milwaukee Bucks are not world champs until they play the Utah Stars.

GEORGE GROS

Menasha, La.

TEXAS PRODUCTS

Sirs:

I was surprised on reading Ron Fimreite's article on college baseball (*A Dropout with a Big Future*, May 31). Bart Hooton is the best collegiate pitcher in the nation. I have seen him several times and he is as good as, if not better than, they say. But when paying tribute to such a deserving ballplayer it was uncalled for to drag Pan American University's baseball team through the mud. Pan American has played tremendous ball

all year long, especially against Texas. It was also unnecessary to call Coach Al Ogletree a minor league dropout. Many people are very lucky that Ogletree took this route. He not only has developed baseball at Pan American but in the region as well. He has done a tremendous job wherever he has been, and he has the statistics to prove it. If Texas is as good as you say, then it should have beaten Pan American, even without Hooton.

FEDERICO GUERRA JR.

McAllen, Texas

Sirs:

I read with interest the article by Ron Fimreite. He mentions that basketball at Pan American University is not much. Yet the university has three players in the pro ranks right now, namely, Luke Jackson, Otto Moore and Fred Taylor. The school won a national basketball title in 1963 and was runner-up in 1964. Basketball Coach Sam Williams has won over 200 ball games.

Pan American University also won national tennis titles in 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964 and 1965.

THEMAN ESPARZA

Edinburg, Texas

Sirs:

What was the purpose of Ron Fimreite's categorizing of PAU and Texas players? Is there any connection between being black, Latin, a junior-college graduate or a South Texan and being able to play baseball?

Also, about Fimreite's slur against the basketball teams of Pan American University, PAU claims to have sent more basketball players to the pros than any other university in Texas.

CARRYS H. MENDES

Weslaco, Texas

Sirs:

If Bart Hooton wants to gain notoriety, why doesn't he call himself Who-Hoot? Then Who-Hoot Hooton could battle Woo-Woo Worster for the Most Popular Athlete in Te-Texas award.

BRUCE DAVIS

BILL HEIN

BILL BRACK

Grand Junction, Colo.

BIG-GAME HUNTER (CONT.)

Sirs:

In his letter that you published in the May 24 issue of SI, Mr. C. J. McElroy wrote: "I hope that a magazine will have the guts to print the true story of what it takes to be a great trophy hunter." If he's looking for more praise, I don't have it for him. But I think I have the true story.

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

I agree that it takes a lot of work, time and money to be a great trophy hunter. But more important to continued success is a callous disregard for the life of the one most magnificent male in each herd of every species so that the trophy hunter can, with complete detachment, kill the selected animal for no more reason than self-aggrandizement. Surely, there can be no glory in reducing the one most majestic, the one most powerful, the one most magnificent animal one can find to a lifeless carcass that is left as carrion while the hunter carries off the horns.

Now, I'm not antigun, antihunting, a little old lady in tennis shoes or a bleeding-heart member of the Rurds school. I'm a realist with moral and ethical principles. I'm a member of the National Rifle Association, and I own more guns and shoot more shells than most of the people in the United States. I know that the trophy animal is frequently past his prime (I hope this is not a good reason to die) and that selective hunting is necessary for the benefit of all animals. But let's not offer, accept or expect prizes and public accolades for our work, let's do it to help the animals and their environment instead of ourselves and our pride. Don't you agree that the haunting beauty of wildlife is much more striking in a natural environment than when the head is mounted on a wall and that the silver platter trophies in a few months?

I wonder if Mr. McKelroy has ever considered camera hunting combined with registered rifle, pistol and shotgun competition as a good substitute for trophy hunting. It costs a lot of money, it takes a lot of time to become a recognized expert, the weather, terrain and competition are rough and the trophies are beautiful. And a good percentage of the money spent on these sports will be used for wildlife conservation.

ROBERT L. HOFFMAN

El Paso

Sirs:

Hunting for food (although becoming less of a necessity all along) might be considered acceptable, while hunting for trophies is quite another matter. Personally, I would like to see men like Mr. McKelroy pursue their trophies with a camera. They could still face the challenges of extreme weather conditions and rugged terrain and ultimately gain the same personal victories. In this way the great wild specimens could be left to roam in their domain and to remain for others who might wish to seek them out, walk them and gaze in awe.

BILL T. PHILLIPS

Wheaton, Ill.

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